THE MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

NEWS LETTER

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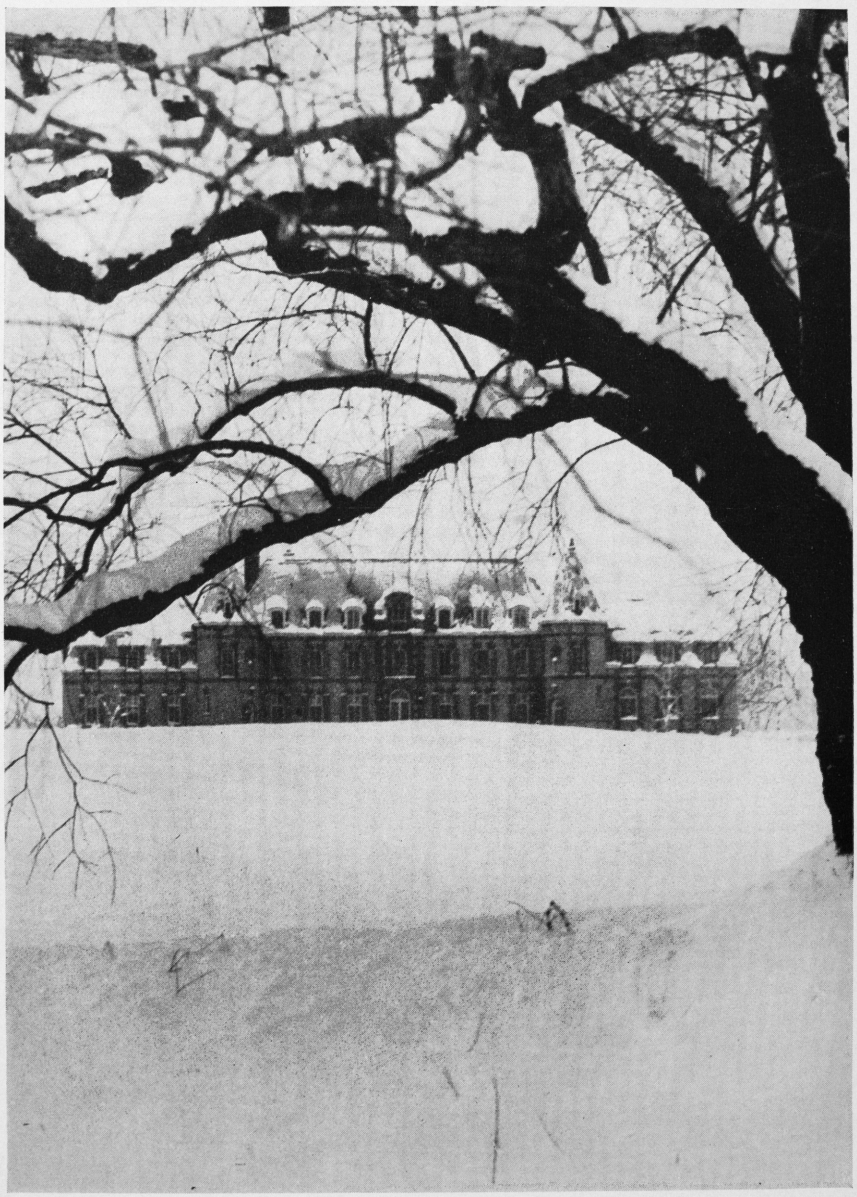


"French Campus"

Subjects and Predicates

Gifford

Just a century and a quarter ago Middlebury farmers were prying off rocks from a limestone ledge near Weybridge Hill for a new dormitory to be known as Painter Hall. The stone proved pretty serviceable. Once again they're back at the same outcrop drilling for Gifford Memorial Hall. (Incidentally the College now has a permanent lien on that ledge; to the long odd list of college possessions such as a summer hotel, land in Oklahoma, a sugar bush, dairy farm, we can add a quarry).

A comparison between the two dormitories, Painter and Gifford, offers a nice commentary on how "education" has changed in a hundred and twenty-five years. About the only comforts Painter offered back in the early 1800's were fireplaces. Students brought from home their own beds, bedsteads, and bathtubs. They furnished their own candles, chopped and lugged their own fireplace wood and either cooked their own meals or traipsed across town to private homes to get them.

Then look at plans for Gifford, for which stern simplicity is specified: hardwood furniture in every room, bath and shower rooms on every floor; a huge library-lounge and commons, indirect lighting, a laundry, reception foyer, suites for kitchen help, etc. etc. And of all these educational "improvements" the one that our great grandfathers would probably cherish most and the one we wouldn't even bother to mention is the common steam radiator.

Boom

Maybe war doesn't have anything to do with it, maybe it's only a coincidence, but Middlebury seems to have established an uncanny tradition of putting up new buildings every time battle is in the air. It all started with Painter Hall; as soon as the War of 1812 was comfortably under way Middlebury citizens inaugurated a campaign for a new "West College." The Civil War netted Starr Hall, built, burned, and rebuilt. Warner Science Hall and Starr Library went up on the wave of Spanish War hysteria. A really big struggle like the World War brought a string of new buildings ranging from a grandstand to Mead Chapel and Hepburn Hall. And now with another one looming up, plans are spread for completing the men's quadrangle with a dormitory, Gifford Memorial Hall, and a class Building, Monroe Hall. If someone came along with financial backing for the Indoor Field or Gymnasium we'd stake everything on a prediction that the war would last at least seven years.

799

Sentimentality is rarely admitted to preparation of statistics in the Registrar's office. But on her twenty-sixth year as College Registrar, Miss Bristol wanted very badly to see the enrollment reach the eight hundred's. She was doomed to disappointment; the figures stuck at 799. Her high hope before retirement is to work with double the number of students she counted in 1913, 441.

However, Miss Bristol has become accustomed during the past few years to dealing with record-making figures, and 1939 is no exception. 799 is the largest enrollment in Middlebury history.

Dr. Weeks, senior trustee, and President Moody break ground for Gifford Hall.

Ex-gubernatorial Greetings

A decade ago when Franklin D. Roosevelt was governor of New York, he had as neighbor governor across Lake Champlain John E. Weeks. The ten years have in no way dulled the friendship between the two.

"Memories of delightful personal and official relations prompt me with heart and soul to send this message of affection on the happy occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of your marriage," wired President Roosevelt last October. "What a blessing that you have been granted the boon of length of days and the rare privilege of celebrating three score years of married happiness. By every law of compensation the pleasure which will be yours will be enhanced by the consciousness that you have always been active in bringing sunshine and gladness into the lives of others. And so Mrs. Roosevelt and I join in wishing you happiness on your wedding anniversary with all of the accompaniments of 'honor, love, obedience, troops of friends'."

The President of the United States was expressing the sentiment that every other Vermonter felt toward their ex-governor and that every Middleburian felt toward his senior trustee.

Middlebury Bookshelf

Across the country from the Imperial Valley to Aroostook County, book reviewers have been counseling their bookworms not to miss *Bread Loaf Anthology* published by the Middlebury College Press. "The verse is of far more than regional significance," claimed the little Pacific coast poetry magazine *Westward*. Back east under the eaves of Yale University, the New Haven *Courier* advised at length: "First of all read the Introduction by W. Storrs Lee. . . . In conception and execution this Introduction is an eloquent and fitting tribute to Bread

Loaf Mountain, to Bread Loaf farmhouse and Inn and to Joseph Battell. . . . Next you must not miss reading Robert Frost's two-page confession of faith. . . . These two marvellous forewards inevitably induce a kindly reception for that which is to follow. . . . This is indubitably a book of poetry by any man's definition." Down south the North Carolina Winston-Salem *Journal and Sentinel* heaped praise on the excellent quality of the poetry, the six delightful illustrations, and in general on the new accomplishment of Middlebury and Bread Loaf. The Boston *Transcript* considered the book a genuine "collectors item"; the *Publishers Weekly* "an example of sound work being attempted by small college presses"*; the Hartford *Times*, "a book for your reading table, something to share of information, good poetry and an ideal." The *Saturday Review of Literature* conceded that the Anthology is a "laudable collection", the New York *Times* that it is "exceedingly interesting" and "delightfully designed," and the Springfield *Union* that the poems "represent the best in American poetry today." But the best advice comes from the *World Herald* of Omaha, Nebraska: "The *Bread Loaf Anthology* ought to be held in mind as a gift book or purchased as a permanent possession. . . . a handsome volume. . . . not only is this a notable book because of the extraordinary quality of its poetry, but because it is creative work of not less than national dimensions. . . . A top flight anthology."

If you haven't yet started a Middlebury shelf, we suggest—for old time's sake—that you line up all the old texts left over from college days, then add the *Bread Loaf Anthology* AND the latest College Press volume released December 1st, *Not Faster Than A Walk*, by Dr. Viola C. White.

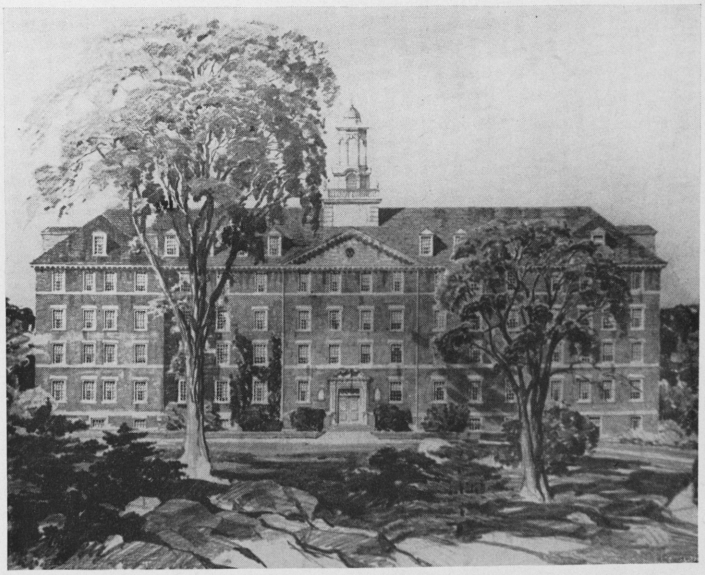
Not Faster Than A Walk is a notebook on Middlebury and Vermont, and its appeal to alumni should be even broader than the *Anthology*. Dr. White has covered every inch of highway, backroad and path ever tramped by a Middlebury student from Chipman Hill reservoir to the Cider Mill, from Passion Puddle to Beldon's, and added up her experiences in a delightful book. Her observations on nature and the small town are in turn neatly satirical, humourous, poetic, philosophical, witty—and certainly more sensitive than those of other Vermont chroniclers of recent years. What Thoreau did with Concord and Walden Pond, Miss White has done with Middlebury. Out of trivial and inconsequential things, the weather, wild flowers, rural gossip, faculty anecdotes, campus traditions, she has caught the real essence of Middlebury. Anyone who ever became addicted to Middlebury will pick this book as an essential addition to a Middlebury shelf.

Bread Loaf Anthology was awarded honorable mention by *Bookbinding and Book Production* in the August Book Clinic Honors for which four books are chosen each month.

War and Peace

The yen for belligerency—intercollegiate, interfraternity, interclass—would certainly lead visiting gentry from Mars to conclude hastily that U.S. campuses are the most martial little islands northwest of their rosy planet. But the flutter of documentary peace polls would be most disappointing. The stoutest strongholds for peace in the whole country are its colleges—if the compilations from innumerable ballot-takings may be accepted as fact.

Back in 1933 nearly half of the Middlebury students virtually pledged themselves that they would participate in no war except in resistance of actual invasion. In 1934 a vast majority wanted the President to make a proclamation that in the future the United States would sever all commercial relations with belligerent nations. In 1935 only about three out of four would agree to fight even if the United States were invaded. (Co-ed votes rather stacked this vote, though). In 1936 the voting was limited to whether or not students should continue to participate in the annual peace demonstration. 389 said *yes*, 127 *no*. 1937 was a peaceful year as far as polls went; no questionnaire. With a one-sided battle on in Spain, in 1938 only one in ten students, strangely enough, were isolationists, while most everybody wanted the League of Nations "revised," a popular referendum before the United States declared war, and an application of voluntary boycotts to goods coming from nations engaged in aggressive warfare. Come 1939—as of October first—the vote against going to war with Germany stood at 365 to 17. Even if the Allies began to



Architect's plan for Gifford Memorial Hall

lose, the ballots tally more than two to one against getting into the fray.

Back to the Air

Three years ago academic eyebrows were lifted when a single-course department of Aeronautics was introduced to the Middlebury curriculum. Questions were raised as to how it fitted into a liberal arts college, how it related to the humanities. The department lasted but one year. September 1939 brought aviation back to the campus; no eyebrows were lifted; no one questioned its place, for it was on a strictly extracurricular basis, backed by the U.S. government. The Civil Aeronautics Authority had weighed the merits of hundreds of educational institutions as training grounds for pilots, and placed Middlebury on the accredited list. Here a quota of twenty pilots out of a total of ten thousand will receive expert training under government supervision. During the first semester designated instruction is being offered in History of Aviation, civil aeronautics regulations, navigation, meterology, parachutes, aircraft and theory of flight, engines, instruments and radio. Ground training is brief and superficial according to San Antonio, Pensacola, or M.I.T. standards, but quite superior to average civil instruction. Not until some rudimentary class work had been completed were any undergraduates permitted to do any actual flying. Since the Middlebury airport is now abandoned, Bristol is the "campus" air base. Between November and next June every student taking the course will have to make a full seventy trips to Bristol to get in a minimum of seventy half-hour lessons in the air. Except for actual flying instruction, all class work is conducted by faculty members Wissler, Swett and Heinrichs. Professor Bowker heads up the work; Joseph Rock, experienced flier, carries on in Bristol.

Remembering an Urbane Greek

(For Dr. William Burrage)

When the letters came saying that he had died and I knew that he would no longer walk down the village street late in the winter nights, wrapped in his fur-lined greatcoat like a character in a Russian novel, on his way to the Inn or the sidewalk Diner for his nightly cup of coffee, I began to remember that raw day in March when he had climbed the stairs to my room, to have coffee in front of my fire, and how he had said—a witty sparkle in his eyes while he stirred the spoon through his coffee with a slow, contemplative rhythm, "Ah, I wish eternity were like a clammy old hotel that I once knew on the Left Bank in Paris, with high ceilings and long shabby red hangings and the damp Paris sunlight coming through the French windows and I sitting there smoking a very fine cigar!" . . .

Wherever he went, whether walking across the college campus in the rain under an expansive black umbrella that spread over his head and shoulders like a melancholy mushroom, or arriving at his Horace class in Old Chapel wearing a pair of dapper golf shoes, he moved with the meditative aloofness of a man completely redeemed from the vulgar exactions of time. He belonged to a tradition that was adamant in its allegiance to distinction, a tradition of philosophic calm unimpressed by the tempo of a a syncopated century, and in the ripeness of his serenity there was the spiritual poise of a man who had penetrated the timeless quality of all experience and who refused in his heart of hearts to let any contingency of fate be superior to the resources of his wit.

He was the foe of dullness and mediocrity, and the legend of his epigrams became a part of town and campus history. In the distillation of a trenchant phrase he could summarize an incongruous situation perfectly or create a caricature that was unforgettable. Nothing of the comic irony in the patterns of living ever escaped him, and the laconic brilliance of his commentaries became the quotable legacy of every undergraduate wise enough to have chosen one of his courses. For the theater and all its properties he had a permanent love, and he found an almost creative enjoyment from appraising life in terms of the dramatist's values. Generations of students who may have long forgotten the Greek tenses or the Latin syntax that he taught them will never quite forget the mellow accentuations of his voice and the inimitable gestures of his fingers as he read lines from Horace as though Horace were a man with whom he had dined the night before, or the suave drollery that he brought to an interpretation of his favorite *Androcles and the Lion*, or the grave absorption of his tones as he read aloud some somber passage from Aeschylus or Euripides.

"I believe," he once said, holding a flickering match to the grim stub of his perpetually extinguished cigar, "I believe in high thinking—and in equally high living!" That was the heritage from the ancient Greek in him. Just as he never allowed the fine authenticity of his scholarship to deteriorate into academic pedantry, so he never let age or professional routine diminish his capacities for enjoyment, or dull his active genius for savoring whatever was excellent and alive.

—ISRAEL SMITH, x'35.

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C'est la Guerre

Edited from Cables by PAUL WARD, '25, *Foreign Correspondent of the Baltimore Sun*

ALREADY there is variety, excitement and good suspense in the assortment of Middlebury war stories accumulated since last August: Bouryschkine, '33, grinding a camera somewhere in Europe for Fox Movietone News; Ski Coach Schlatter reportedly in the Swiss army; Chalmers, '38, evacuated from Oxford with other Rhodes scholars, returning on the Statendam and rescuing en route the crew of the *Winkleigh*; Morize, assisting Giraudoux in the French Ministry of Propaganda, Bureau of Information; and a long list of alumni and faculty members clearing foreign ports "just in time."

But the Middleburian with the best ringside seat is Paul Ward, '25, staff correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*. He has the distinction of being one of the first quartet of journalists literally to crash the Maginot Line. Tired of waiting around for news to filter through the usual channels, he and three other reporters one morning late in September piled into a private car and headed east toward the front. Past sentries with fixed bayonets, anti-aircraft batteries, military airports, machine gun nests they rode, never once challenged until they had crossed the Maginot Line and stood on German soil behind the French advance lines. But the *Sun* has given us permission to reprint the story in Ward's own words, as it came by cable.

"*Somewhere Beyond the Maginot Line on the Saar Front, Just Beyond Range, Sept. 21.* (By Wireless). From hills that in daylight would be easily visible from the hilltop where this dispatch is being written German artillery tonight has been barking out an accompaniment to what an official French communique says was a local and unsuccessful attack on the French army's advanced positions. We can hear the gunfire plainly, and although we are only a little way behind the front lines it sounds no more menacing than distant thunder-claps.

"Earlier today—after a long swing behind the French front—we had crossed the Maginot Line, arrived at the front itself and looked down from a hilltop on German as well as French front lines. We also had seen a German officer taken prisoner and had watched French anti-aircraft guns drive back to their bases three German reconnaissances planes that came zooming high above their heads. In addition we had lunched with French intelligence officers in a room whose windows commanded an excellent view of the front and had had the terrain of this sector and both the German and French positions sketched out for us in pencil on a marble-topped table before one of those windows. Had we arrived a few minutes earlier, according to the intelligence officers, we might have seen a French captain parachute safely to earth and the Germans shoot down a French observation balloon. They were apologetic about our having missed that sight, but their apologies were wasted on us. We were feeling something like Columbus must have felt on discovering America. For we had achieved our ambition to be among the first American journalists to reach the Western front. With three other Americans we had attained the privilege of being not only the first journalists of any nationality to visit the French front, but also the first to get beyond the Maginot Line since the war began.

"We were, by the same token, the first reporters to reach the German soil behind France's advancing armies, or rather what had been German soil until the French pierced the Reich frontier after the declaration of war eighteen days ago and began their steady conquest of German positions in front of the Siegfried Line in preparation for a major offensive against the line itself. We were, of course, the first reporters to get a glimpse of both the German and French front lines and see the actual combat from the French side in this war.

"In the course of our visit to the front we were struck chiefly by three things: first, the placidity of the front. Except for brief bursts of artillery fire it was as quiet as Vermont and as peaceful in appearance as the Green Spring Valley. No Man's Land isn't yet a gash of muddy holes and shell-torn trees, and no unbroken lines of trenches mark the opposing front lines. Instead, the opposing positions are strategically

scattered and so hidden that they can't be detected unless they are pointed out by soldiers familiar with them.

"In consequence, the countryside in the battle area looks to the civilian much as it did before the war began—just a vista of rolling hills, green pastures and woods of darker green pitted here and there with tile-roofed villages whose chimneys smoke no more.

"Second, the concentration of men and equipment behind the French lines. An area stretching back many miles behind the front and covering nearly half of France is so packed with French troops and armaments as to constitute what experts say—and even the inexpert can readily recognize—as the greatest "concentration in depth" any nation and any war has produced. The display behind the lines offers indisputable evidence that the French mobilization has been completed without a hitch and suggests that if the Germans choose to attack they will find the French prepared to receive them as no army in history has ever before been prepared.

"Third, the spirit of the French forces. After seeing them at their posts it is easier than ever to credit the verdict of military experts that the French army is the best in the world. It is an impression strengthened not so much by the awesome display of numbers and guns as by the appearance and conduct of the men themselves. They look tough and they are unmistakably ready to see this job through to its end no matter at what cost. And what is most impressive of all is that although they are cocky they are not sophomorically so; many of them fought through the last war and they appreciate the difficulties ahead.

"Our visit to the front also convinced us of the truth of the claims of the French that casualties so far have been slight. No wounded or dead were seen and both officers and enlisted men said there have been very few as yet. Hospital trains lay idle and empty on sidings. Hospitals passed showed no signs of activity. No ambulances careened over roads near the front; those seen were parked in long lines along roads patiently waiting for business, as were medical units which occupied whole villages farther back.

"We left Paris at five o'clock this morning, rolling cautiously through the streets darkened against possible air raids and were on the outskirts by dawn. Soon we began encountering sentries—all bridges and rail crossings from here to the front are guarded by poilus with fixed bayonets. We also passed sections of Paris' air defenses—formidable batteries of long-range anti-aircraft guns, searchlights, sound detectors and range finders, all carefully camouflaged and set up either in permanent emplacements or behind sandbags and walls. Later we found ourselves speeding through towns and villages with names as familiar to American World War veterans as Soissons, Verdun, Metz, Rheims, Chalon and Nancy.

"We also passed huge fields which had been farms until few days ago, but which now are French military airports. Hundreds—sometimes it seemed like thousands—of bombers and fighters were scattered around the edges plainly visible from ground but probably hidden from enemy planes by their careful camouflaging. Men were busy hiding with leafy branches the offices and hangars of these flying fields or putting finishing touches to anti-aircraft gun emplacements around their borders.

"As we drew nearer the front, the number of sentries began to increase and the number of civilians visible to diminish. Soon we were passing through towns and villages taken over in their entirety by military units. Twice we passed buildings marked 'ecole maternelle', but whose sole occupants had so far emerged from the state of infancy that they had exchanged their bonnets for steel helmets and often badly needed shaves. . . .

"Even in towns where troops were quartered, anti-aircraft guns stand in main streets and little French boys in belted smocks still practice broad jumping or roll their hoops in the streets. But those are towns at the outer edge of the military zone. Towns and villages for several miles behind the front proper have been evacuated of all their civilian inhabitants. Only their empty shops and houses and their herds of cattle, placidly chewing cuds within sound of artillery fire, remain. They are dead towns and passing through them is like passing through one of the deserted Eldorado towns in America's Far West. They produce only a dramatic silence and that is so tense that as we began passing through these towns we began also to fear that somehow we had overrun [*Continued on page* 18]

Football---Without Benefit

AFTER analyzing his Harvard classmates, college admissions procedure, and undergraduate reading tastes, John R. Tunis this year took his muck rake on an 8000-mile jaunt to football encampments all over the country. His findings, posted in the October *American Mercury*, brought almost as much of a stir as the famed Carnegie Report of ten years ago. This time Middlebury stood the test without even the scent of commercialism. Along with Williams, Tufts, Union, Colby—just half our 1939 opponents—and other top-notch educational institutions such as Wesleyan, Swarthmore, R.P.I., Hobart, and Rochester, Middlebury came off Grade-A in the Simon-pure, scott-free, scholastic-sheep list.

But if Mr. Tunis or the *American Mercury* had cared to make a spread of details about Middlebury's Simon-pureness, plenty could have been found to make the case even more ninety-nine and one hundredths per cent. The crux of commercialism can frequently be found in a freshman football team. Are there too many scholarships for good academic taste there? The figures speak: of the thirty-one on the Middlebury squad, fourteen have scholarships. Of these fourteen, two hold senatorial scholarship appointments, and two special Vermont scholarships, neither of which could fall into a class of athletic sponsorship. In the final analysis just 29% of the members of the frosh football squad managed to get regular college scholarships and the total amount spent on this percentage adds up to $620 per semester—about half enough to take care of a single man in an old Pitt set-up. And the Middlebury figures are even more astounding when one realizes that 43% of the freshman class hold scholarships and only a quarter of the scholarship holders play football.

The scholarship roster for the varsity proves further that an undergraduate has to show his academic mettle before getting financial aid. As would be expected the percentage rises. In a squad composed of thirty-eight men, including managers, twenty-four hold college scholarships. This comprises 63% of the squad and compares favorably with the percentage of scholarship holders in the men's college, which is sixty-seven.

With a set of digested percentages of this sort, amateur statisticians could prove almost anything they wish. (Over a period of years the figures do not vary appreciably.) Football scores *only* are used to feed the argument ordinarily. For the past few years the figures could have been used to prove that athletic scholarships are very unnecessary evils. With a relatively inferior season such as that of 1939 the same figures will be employed to argue for athletic scholarships. But the banter would lead approximately nowhere.

Early predictions were for a crack freshman football season. The first game with Union frosh was won by Middlebury 26–6 and bore out the prediction. Then came a scoreless tie with Kimball Union; New York Military Academy won by the margin of a point after touchdown, 7–6; the Vermont frosh triumphed 6–0.

The Varsity curve took a similar irregular course. As soon as the Williams game was in the bag 7–0, word went out that we were to repeat the record of 1936. Three successive losses—Tufts 2–13, Union 7–31, and Colby 12–13—curdled that hope, and attention was directed toward the State title. Norwich was subdued 12–0 before a homecoming crowd; the Hartwick game wound up with a scoreless tie and Coast Guard was conquered 19–14; and then even U.V.M. alumni were so sure Middlebury would take the State title in the last game that there was feverish talk against their coaching system—another good example of win-or-quit alumni chatter against coaches. Vermont won. It was a clean, unexpected, sensational victory 21–0—probably the most unanticipated upset for Middlebury in a decade of football history. The qualifications of the Vermont coaching staff were no longer questioned.

All of which is only an indication of football-fan fickleness in any college. Figures and scores have to be tallied and arranged over a long period to mean anything. Middlebury lost to Vermont this year, only the second time in over a decade. Anyone advancing argument pro or con athletic scholarships and Middlebury Simon-purity should bear this in mind.

Year-Round Santa Claus of Milwaukee

By JOSEPH C. NOVOTNY, '26, *Superintendent, WPA Toy Loan Project, Milwaukee, Wisconsin*

KRIS KRINGLE has made Milwaukee his headquarters. And unlike olden times, when he worked only one day a year, he now is on the job every day except Sundays and holidays, making kids happy. The playthings he passes out are not for keeps; they are loaned, without cost, in the same way in which a library book is obtained, so that thousands of Milwaukee children no longer have to wait a whole year for a toy, wagon, roller skates, doll or scooter. Each day they can get what they want—any article that commands their interest. The stock is vast. It is furnished by groups which play Santa Claus for the kids.

The advantages in putting Kringle to work the year around are seen as vitally significant by those who help to put new props under the American structure of action. The dominant thought is that in order to build a finer generation of youths, thus offsetting many of the problems which otherwise would be unsolved, the toy-loan feature should be nation-wide. Milwaukee's critical public thinks so. And residents of other cities, who like to study new methods to improve child welfare, could have an interesting time by visiting a Milwaukee toy-loan center after the kids get home from school. To see a hundred or more little boys and girls riding on scooters, roller skates and tricycles along streets leading to a toy center regularly between 3:30 and 5:30 while seeking a time renewal or exchange is to realize the importance which every community should attach to a program of this kind.

The happiness shown by the kids while selecting a new plaything is a marked symbol of appreciation. It tends to prove that a child who grows up with play equipment suitable to his or her age is most fortunate. Out of the lending privilege is being developed a finer recognition of promptness and respect for the property of others, along with confidence and trust. Boys who once were negligent as a result of a lack of playthings have been revealing a better attitude in home and school since the toy-loan feature was started.

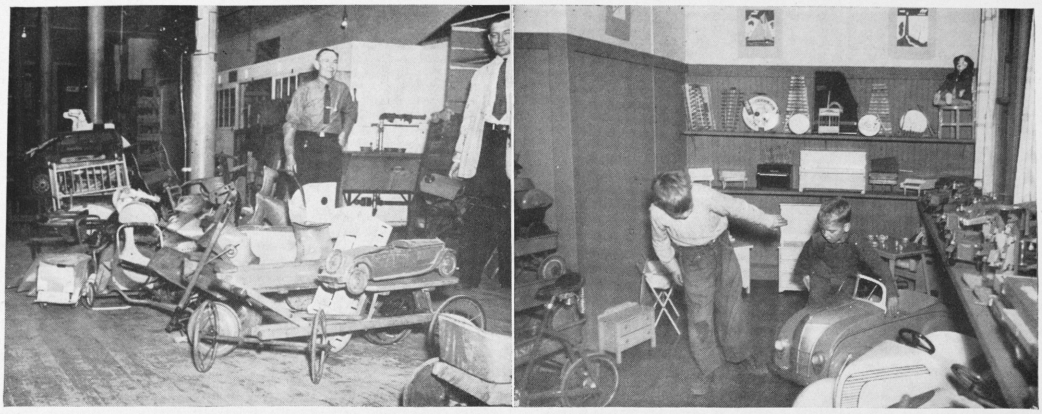
Play in some districts has become more orderly. Street accidents have been reduced. Children once unaccustomed to organized play, causing street mishaps and adding to the police problems, now are drawing police officers' praise.

At a time when unemployment and its resultant disadvantages are forcing family heads to adopt a stricter economy, which results in the curbing of pleasures of normal childhood, the toy-loan activities in Milwaukee county have been doing much to curb delinquency—the most disturbing aspect of our crime problem.

At this moment there is a total of about seventy-two thousand articles in stock at fourteen centers. These articles include almost every type of toy, game and play equipment. Thousands were furnished by labor unions, clubs and lodges. The fire department, after a vigorous drive, contributed a big truck load. School children added to the donations; so did the mail carriers, Kiwanis club, and various business groups including the grain and stock exchange. During a four-week period five thousand or more Boy Scouts ransacked their homes for discarded playthings in behalf of the public toy-loan, contributing heavily.

Doll playing on a grand scale

Girl Scout troops did the same. About



Wagons, bicycles and cars arrive in every state of disrepair but are soon rebuilt and repainted to look like new

nine hundred pairs of new roller skates, purchased in stores by donors, have been put into use. Requests for roller skates by children have been so numerous that thousands are needed to satisfy the demand.

In order to make up for a heavy shortage in stock after an increased registration and the opening of a new center had depleted the stock to a marked extent, a promotion involving the Milwaukee American Association Baseball Club resulted in the acquisition of about six thousand toys. These articles were donated at the ball park by children up to twelve as a feature on homecoming day. Each donor was admitted to the game without charge. Approximately six thousand youngsters attended the game and donated around seventy-five hundred pieces of play equipment.

A grand total of three hundred thousand loans have been recorded up to October 1st.

One mother wrote: "I wish that my children when getting a loan, would ask for roller skates instead of games, so that they could go on errands." This statement by a mother living in Milwaukee's outskirts, a considerable distance from a shopping district, is typical of the hundreds being received by the toy-loan officials as the demand for roller skates now exceeds the supply by at least a thousand pairs.

With a cooperative thought, housekeepers call the toy-lending headquarters when about to discard a game or toy. They realize that thousands of Milwaukee youths can be made happy through the use of these articles by way of the lending stations. Many discarded playthings were formerly thrown into ash cans and hauled to the city dump.

Every article in need of paint or repairs is placed in the hands of a skilled workman who makes it look like new before releasing it for use at the loan centers. About a hundred and fifty men, experts in their work but who found themselves in distress during the days of unemployment, make up the repair force which is sustained by the juvenile court and county board of supervisors for the WPA. Some are shoemakers and harness makers whose jobs are those of leather.

About a dozen women make doll clothes. They operate a laundry. They make smashed doll heads appear like new. As a result of this activity, some senior high school girls wash the clothes of dolls that are being loaned by children in their community. They wash dolls and do other tasks that keep their toy-loan stations in the lead.

The procedure for borrowing is simple. A child reports to a station and is given a numbered card requiring the parents' signature. Each boy or girl pledges to care for the plaything he or she borrows. After that the child may come back as often as he or she chooses, taking out as many articles as desired, one at a time, with a time-limit of one week. At the end of this time-limit the loaner may either make a renewal or ask for something else. Each article returned is inspected. Necessary repairs are made. The article is then scrubbed [*Continued on page* 18]

Seven Lean Years

By PAUL D. MOODY, *President*

WHAT should be the ratio of teachers to students in the ideal college? The various standardizing agencies have their answers. The ideal is said to be one teacher to every eight students. One to ten is efficient. A greater ratio of students means lessened efficiency, yet there are so many variables that it is doubtful if any one would like to be categorical. At Middlebury the ratio is 61 teachers to 799 students, i.e., one to thirteen. It is in part the result of the depression.

Some colleges faced with the necessity for retrenchment in faculty salaries reduced the staff and kept salaries untouched. They paid the same salaries but fewer of them. This meant increasing the work of the teacher, doubtless sometimes permissible. But it is dubious as a general policy, particularly if the student body showed a tendency to grow—a tendency to be encouraged in view of dwindling income from endowments. The worst of it was, that usually the younger men were let out. Other colleges, (Middlebury among them) did not reduce the staff but put into effect salary cuts—in other words, as many salaries as ever, but smaller. While at Middlebury these cuts were not large as compared to some other places, they were highly undesirable, though a loyal faculty accepted them without complaint. But often the cut entailed the wiping out of a margin which meant a good deal, and a rather worn overcoat was worn a year longer, or the purchase of needed equipment and books or plans for travel were postponed.

It is intensely gratifying that the alumni are increasingly aware of this and of the fact that it was necessary to reduce salaries at the very time it was found necessary to place a heavier student hour load on the faculty. The recent desire of the alumni council to stimulate contributions from the alumni to offset this is welcome news. Should the contributions be large enough we might wipe out all cuts. And this is extremely desirable because until it is done it does not seem fair, either to make some highly desirable promotions on the one hand or increase the number of the faculty on the other.

It requires increased income to the extent of about $3,000 to restore one per cent of the salaries (for the reduction was applied to everyone without exception, the firemen and chambermaids as well as the oldest professor) and to make a complete restoration would require approximately $22,000. But half a loaf is better than no bread.

It is true we could increase our income with more students, but we lack the facilities for board and room and, if this were done, the load on the faculty would be increased, unless the faculty were enlarged. Then the benefit of a greater tuition income would be lost.

The ideal way would be to increase our endowment but at the present interest rates it would require not far from a million dollars invested capital to increase income sufficiently to cancel our present cuts. Many who would hesitate to give toward capital can annually, without serious inconvenience, contribute what would be excellent return on a capital gift.

In making donations toward faculty salaries Middlebury alumni may be confident that they are helping to take care of the most essential need of the College. The average age of our teaching staff at present is nearly 44; the average salary far too low to be a very gratifying professional income for middle age. We hope to raise this average, but restoration of the salary cut must come first. We look to alumni for making this year the last of seven lean ones.

	Student Enrollment	Income from Permanent Funds	Percentage Salary Reduction
1928–29	626	$160,695	
1929–30	637	154,381	
1930–31	640	186,735	
1931–32	672	160,280	
1932–33	661	140,130	
1933–34	628	141,754	8¾
1934–35	649	128,717	15
1935–36	645	127,232	15
1936–37	721	127,424	5
1937–38	788	128,047	7½
1938–39	790	123,646	5
1939–40	799		7½

Challenge from the Alumni President

By WILLIAM H. CARTER, '10, *Superintendent of Schools, Barre*

IN all the hundreds of colleges and universities in this country it would be difficult to find greater loyalty than that of the twenty-seven hundred Middlebury alumni to their alma mater, yet statistics show that only three hundred of these twenty-seven hundred men make any contribution to alumni funds either in dues or gifts of any kind. There must be reasons for this paradoxical situation, which will stand serious examination.

Graduating classes have been so much larger in recent years that at present about half of our alumni have been out of college ten years or less. In a college as old as Middlebury, it would be hard to match this situation elsewhere. Many of these men are not as yet well established in business and they are therefore unable to make financial contributions which they would gladly make if they could.

Some hold that dues should be abolished and that an annual appeal for voluntary contributions should be substituted for the notice of dues. If a majority hold this opinion let us hasten to make the change. It does not seem to me that this is the real issue.

We have of late lacked definite objectives. The maintenance of a strong alumni association has not furnished sufficient appeal, worthy though it may be. We certainly can discover worthy and attainable goals if we set ourselves to the task. It seems to me that this is a most important aspect of the problem. Endowments and large building projects are beyond our reach unless backed by large gifts from foundations or wealthy individuals. Size is only one criterion by which the importance of an objective should be judged.

Be the problem simple or, as some think, very complex it can be solved when every alumnus is made to feel the challenge. We might investigate for a few more years; we might send out a thousand wisely-worded questionnaires—blast the inventor of this type of modern torture—and we might thus at long last find out why we have not done better in recent years and then endeavor to start on a new program. My hope is that we will be willing to dispense with further investigation of a past record which many of us, including myself, do not wish to have too closely scrutinized, and adopt a worthy objective and really do something about it *now*.

Can we not for this year accept the goal set up by the Alumni Council at its meeting on October 28? At that time the Council voted to set a goal of $10,000 to go toward the restoration of faculty salary cuts and that the current year expense of the Alumni Association amounting to $1500 be added to that objective. If the alumni of St. Lawrence University could raise $15,000 last year, $11,500 should be an attainable goal for us. We feel that nothing could bolster faculty "morale" more than the attainment of this goal.

1938-1939 COLLEGE FINANCES
INCOME AND EXPENSES

CURRENT INCOME

Tuitions and fees	$232,493.70
Investments	123,646.10
Other income	45,751.23
Total current income	$401,891.03

CURRENT EXPENSES

Instruction:	
Salaries	$169,140.21
Supplies and expenses	23,134.48
	$192,274.69
Library:	
Salaries	$ 9,719.95
Books, supplies and expenses	10,548.05
	$ 20,268.00
Athletics:	
Salaries	$ 6,745.00
Supplies and expenses	2,550.65
Expense of teams	19,412.95
	$ 28,708.60
Administration and general offices:	
Salaries	$ 64,472.58
Supplies and expenses	18,577.85
	$ 83,050.43
Other college expenses:	
Salaries	$ 50.00
Supplies and expenses	42,033.14
	$ 42,083.14
Plant operations, salary of superintendent, wages, supplies and expenses	$ 41,495.67
Total current expenses	$407,880.53
Deficit	$ 5,989.50

Uncle Joseph

By PHILIP BATTELL STEWART, *Hon. LL.D.*

NINETEEN-THIRTY-NINE marks the 100th anniversary of the birth of Joseph Battell. It is almost a quarter of a century since his death. His father, Philip Battell, graduated at Middlebury College in 1823. He himself was in the class of 1859. Each had a stubborn loyalty to Middlebury and to its college. Joseph was able to, and did make gifts to the college of marked significance. They happily combined resources and money (without which no college can meet growing obligations to its students), but beyond this in the gift of a great area of primitive forest and mountains so near as to be merely the extension of the college campus; there is accessible to the college a field of inspirational and cultural value which in its possibilities is wholly unique among American institutions. The rapid development of the Bread Loaf School of English is the pioneer suggesting the still undeveloped possibilities which this land holds.

Twenty-five years easily erases all record of the personal characteristics of men, therefore a brief summary of Joseph Battell as he came and went in daily life is perhaps of interest to the generation now walking the ways of Middlebury College. His mother he never knew, his father was cast in the mould of Puritan New England. Philip Battell was a man of great tenderness of heart and great purity of heart, unshakable in his loyalties, the quality which above every other sets the foundation of steadfast character. Until he died at ninety he included his wife's initials in all signatures of his name and she had left him almost sixty years before. Joseph Battell never outgrew the influence of these traditions and the influence of this association. His naturally independent nature never got far away from them. If it was not a substitute for a mother's devotion and training, it was at least a partial compensation.

Ill health compelled an outdoor life. An accident led him to a farm at what is now Bread Loaf. He was never a farmer. His mind was too active and his energy too great, but the surroundings gave opportunity to develop in accordance with the qualities born in him. There was no social pressure around him to smooth off and modify his actions. He did what he wished to do and did it when he wanted to, whether at mid-day or at midnight. Whatever plans formed in his head passed without delay into the field of action. He was generous always to individuals, and in any plans which he felt were for the public good; any feelings hurt in his impulsive moods were almost invariably wholly healed. He was intense, even imperious in maintaining a position once assumed. He liked an audience which would not interrupt or heckle or interfere. He overrode opposition by his intense earnestness and in confidence that he was right. He rarely invited crossing swords with an individual, especially if the individual was competent in the subject, equally in earnest and mentally agile. His own attack was often keen and able, but ponderous like the rhinoceros which cannot turn once the charge is started. I suppose the legends about him emphasize this characteristic for it naturally was more obvious and better advertised. He did not at such times make use of a quality which he had to a marked degree, this was humour. When in the mood and in company where he was fully at ease he had a delicious sense of the foibles and incongruities of human nature as he met them and could, without a touch of disparagement, tell stories most revealing of the character of Vermonters, but he was usually sensitive to jokes on himself. He did not encourage familiarities of any kind and therefore I was the more impressed as a boy with a story he liked to tell on himself and always with the keenest enjoyment.

He went to Kentucky once to get information which he especially wanted to confirm his belief that the Kentucky saddle horse was founded mainly on Morgan lines of inheritance. He was the guest of a Kentucky gentleman of the old school. Before dinner the host asked Mr. Battell what he would have to drink. Mr. Battell never drank, he was strongly opposed to the use of liquor, a prohibitionist, but he

wanted to stand well with this new friend; he was in a country where the code of hospitality made whiskey indispensable and he said he would have a mint julep. The julep was brought, but no second drink. His host noted his hesitation and said—"Excuse me, but I never drink whiskey." So a New England prohibitionist who never drank whiskey on moral grounds, drank the only mint julep he ever did drink and so far as I know the only whiskey he ever drank in his life, while the Kentucky colonel drank water because he never drank whiskey.

Another story with which Mr. Battell often made his hearers hilarious had its setting at Bread Loaf. There for many years a Miss Woodbury was the chief cook, but she was far more than a cook. She was a fearless self-respecting New England lady who carried herself like an ambassador's wife. She looked every man and every situation squarely in the face with utterly fearless eyes. She made of cooking the accomplishment of a lady who would not demean herself by doing it other than perfectly. She naturally had the independent spirit which such a character would have. She and Mr. Battell had the greatest mutual respect for each other but at times he would impulsively cross the line which her independence had set, with the result not once but several times as follows:

"Well, Mr. Battell, I will go home to Bethel" (some thirty miles distance). She would at once change her dress, put on her dark hat with its ornaments, take her hand bag and her canary in its cage, walk out of the house and start afoot for home, too proud to ask for a ride. Meanwhile Mr. Battell would retreat to a remote room, summon John Houston, tell him to hitch up the buggy and be ready and they would watch Miss Woodbury plodding east and disappearing at the slope of the hill a half a mile away. Houston, a natural diplomat, would then pursue, go through the somewhat protracted ritual of apology and a renewed treaty, and always come back finally with the triumphant woman at his side. Mr. Battell would come out of hiding and with this fresh warning that he must watch his step, things would move smoothly until he forgot himself again.

John Houston should not be forgotten ever in thinking of Mr. Battell. A young Irish wood cutter with an axe on his shoulder applied for a job in the very first years of Bread Loaf and while he and Mr. Battell lived more than fifty years, thereafter, they lived and worked together. John was a shrewd, industrious, [*Continued on page* 18]

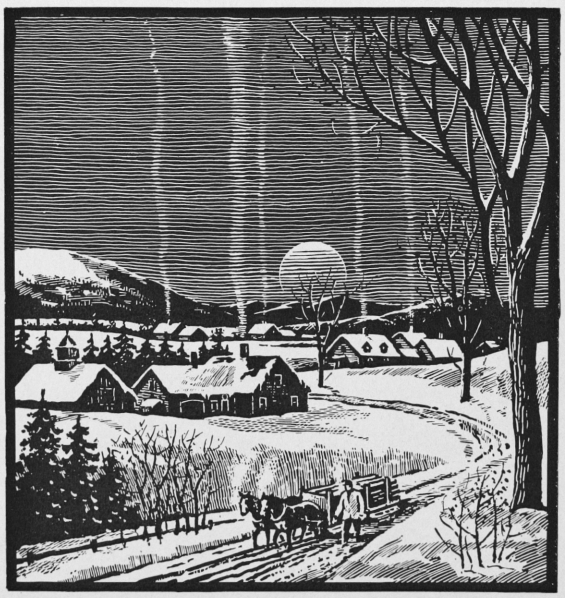
Pictures of Joseph Battell are rare. He preferred to be the photographer. This picture was taken by him about 1900. President Brainerd holds the reins and his daughter Viola '98 (Mrs. Dudley Beard), is seated beside him. Others in the picture: Jessie, Heloise, '04, and Alice Brainerd, '04, and Alice Miner Hubbard. The fur coat did not belong to Dr. Brainerd; it was as much a part of the Battell sleigh outfit as the fur robes, bells, and the Morgan horses.

". . . Everyday Speaks A New Scene . . ."

By CHARLOTTE MOODY

" . . . . so that with this, and the badness of the drink and the ill opinion I have of the meat, and the biting of the gnats by night and my disappointment in getting home this week and the trouble of sorting all the papers, I am almost out of my wits with trouble, only I appear the more contented because I would not have my father troubled." Pepys's voice does not come to us muted by the centuries intervening between his day and ours; it shouts in our ears and we give a start of recognition for who of us does not know exactly how he feels? A good diary—timeless and formless as it is—gives its readers that sense of recognition more frequently, perhaps, than any other literary form. There are not many good diaries. A good diary has to be written by an exceptionally good person, someone with an eager, appreciative, inquiring mind, more zest than (alas) is common, some one possessed of a gift of description and sufficient detachment to appraise, as the days rush past, those day-to-day events that make up our lives; someone who can see the tragedy in the broken shoe-string or the laundry that didn't come back while recognizing that tragedy as something less than High. A good diary reveals something of its author and something of ourselves to us. I have been here, I have seen this, I remember that—if only I had had the wit to say it first!

Miss White's is a good diary—*Not Faster Than a Walk*, published December first by the Middlebury College Press. It is concerned chiefly with the walks she has taken during a single year. And did she walk! Not sleet nor hail nor heat nor rain nor gloom of night deterred her ever. It will be necessary to quote rather freely from the book for it is the way Miss White sees and says things that makes them important. She knows and she can tell how winter sunsets look with black twigs limned against the sky, she has seen autumn crickets "too heavy to move," "bright, touchable bushes" along the roadside which, oddly, look higher than the purple mountains look. She has seen a flock of grackles—"hundreds of shining black birds drifting through the yellow trees," crows "perching in trees too small for them." She has been to the mink farm and seen the mink with "faces like conscientious vampires." She has found "fine beery boozy little apples" not spoiled by the snow, she has heard blackbirds singing overhead making a "man in the rigging chorus" and has heard "rain dripping from the roof like a water closet out of order." One day "we wake to a campus so lightly covered with snow it looked like a very young person's idea of a practical joke, peering out from white whiskers."



Drawing by Edward Sanborn, from "Not Faster Than A Walk"

"Here in Middlebury as nowhere else I have begun to realize what living with Nature around one means—to see the arbor vitae in shabby winter dress, the cracks in the ground made by the drought, the fine white sand at the creek-edge brought by the flood. To know bittersweet and baneberry in flower and in fruit. To have stood on the hill slope in March when the wind was

battering down the sumach, and now to see it still flattened in the late summer time. To cower and fear that the house roof is coming off in the same February storm that uproots beeches and pine on Chipman Hill. To realize, in short, that the same forces which rule the outer world rule the human."

To people familiar with Middlebury—the college and the surrounding countryside—this book will have a special and peculiar interest, for the country side is here—the Cornwall Road, the West Road, the cemetery and the Chapman orchard, Chipman Hill, Otter Creek. Miss White meets the Longwells out walking in the early spring. ("To see a robin ahead of the Longwells is like discovering relativity ahead of Einstein.") There is a vivid and characteristic picture of the late, beloved Dr. Burrage urbanely ad-libbing when the library lights went out during an Abernethy reading.

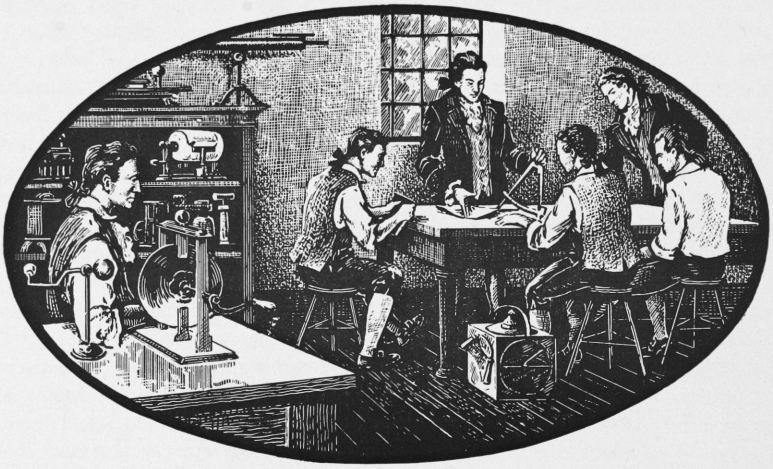
But it would be treason even to imply that this is a book of purely "local" interest. The quality of Miss White's mind would have made that impossible. She has that fancy Coleridge loved and which he distinguished from imagination and it runs through her comments like a silver thread. After seeing a Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers film she wonders if the minuet was symbolic of a more settled society, if tap dancing may not have evolved because the earth turns too fast under our feet. After playing chess she wonders why a game that originated in the Orient should have a feminist figure as its most important, for the queen in chess is a fighter and a traveller, the king helpless and stationery as a vegetable compared. After a dramatic club performance of several of Eugene O'Neill's one-act sea plays she wonders if the youth and freshness of Elizabethan boy actors may not have toned down the brutal effect of some of their blood-and-thunder tragedies. She thinks, on a cold winter day piled high with drifted snow, that this would be a good day to be rescued by a St. Bernard but wonders how half-frozen way-farers possibly contrive to open the tight little barrels of brandy around the dogs' necks. She wonders why young people stop in their tracks at an arresting thought—and why older people do not.

Miss White herself is revealed only by implications. Hers is a wise and eager mind. Often it is a gay one. She loves to hear about bears, and the big iced cakes at church suppers she finds "intoxicating." Often it has a quick, sharp turn which leaves the reader breathless. "Today in cataloguing Irving Babbitt's *Rousseau and Romanticism* I find only his birth date given on the former author cards, though I know that he has died. On this new card too I omit the death date, childishly thinking to give him a little more inclusion among the living by pretending not to know that he is dead." And again—"Two of Skippy's kittens died today and she has hidden the other two. It seems to me touching for her to try to outwit Death."

Miss White has a nice irony and she is not, thank God, above a little carping. She does not much care for the Rutland coach which one catches in New York at 8:15 a.m. (leaving earlier and arriving in Middlebury later than it used to). She takes a passing side-swipe at senders of Christmas cards who write a lot of bad news between the gay picture and the gay seasons' greetings. Nor does she always like the weather: "The best you can say of this climate is that it doesn't unleash all its abominations at the same time." After a page or so detailing the foibles of various academicians she adds thoughtfully: "Such are the contributions of intellectuals to the command to be as little children." Her comparison of Byrd and Thoreau is satisfyingly devastating and—out of a clear sky—comes this: "Are you dissatisfied? Say to yourself that every day you keep out of a lunatic asylum represents a clear gain."

This is an exciting book for all it is so quiet. "At last I have the wish I wished so many times over in the city—to see the continuity of Nature." Miss White has her wish, and it is generous of her to share it.

Further riches are provided. Mr. Walter Pritchard Eaton has contributed a very characteristic preface which is to say that it is both charming and caustic. His preface is charming—for who understands these matters better than Mr. Eaton?—and caustic (a little) because he thinks it was naughty of Miss White to pick a purple fringed orchis at Bread Loaf, an orchis which he had been chivalrously protecting. And there are also really delightful drawings by Edward Sanborn, admirably suited to the book's spirit and purpose.



Natural Philosophy a century ago

Whence Physics

By THE EDITOR

ANY layman stepping into the apparatus room of a college physics department would be appalled at the quantity of apparatus necessary for instruction in even a half dozen fundamental courses. Tier on tier the equipment rises, ranging from simple prisms and mirrors to interferometers and telescopes, from ordinary thermometers to thermopiles and calorimeters; from tuning forks and organ pipes to phonodikes and oscillographs; from electric cells to generators, potentiometers, galvanometers, voltmeters, and ammeters. Thousands of items, miniature or enormous; impressively complicated items; little gadgets that cost five hundred dollars and may be used once a year for ten minutes to illustrate a minor point; big gadgets that require the services of the janitor to move and then a full day to assemble and set up for a brief classroom demonstration. The variety in the apparatus room would baffle even a veteran small town department store clerk.

And the strange thing about this collection is that it is relatively new. Unlike a library, it has not been accruing in quantity for college generations. Most of it has been crowded onto the shelves in the past two or three decades.

Forty years ago, the turn of the century was being taken advantage of by journalists to predict that no future century could possibly match the 19th in its scientific advancement. They conceded that many of the discoveries in physics and chemistry would be improved upon, but the march of science would very soon begin to slacken in pace for lack of new horizons.

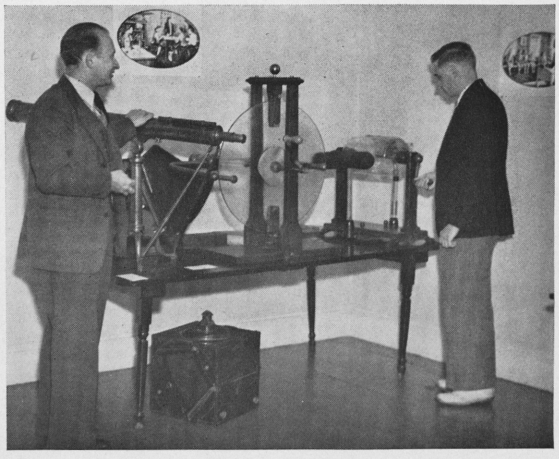
Only in science museums is it possible to get a very graphic idea of how terribly wrong those journalistic predictions were. And museums equipped to tell more than a suggestion of the story are few. Science equipment is perishable and scientists as a rule are interested in futurity; they are not antiquarians.

As in the 20th century, so in the 19th, colleges and universities furnished a major haven for scientific exploration and invention. But here laboratory antiques are doubly perishable, thanks to undergraduate wear and the vicissitudes of faculty tenure. Several colleges have established little museums where obsolete equipment is kept; but most of them have discarded it as new and better apparatus replaced the old. Middlebury has no such museum, but it does have an exceptional collection of relics

dating back to the earliest days of the college, when its science training must have ranked among the foremost in the country.

It is interesting to note that the very first professorship established at Middlebury was not in Latin, Greek, or Religion, but in Science. This honor fell to Frederick Hall who was appointed professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in 1806. Previous to that time President Atwater and a succession of tutors had been depended upon for instruction in this field. But one year of teaching apparently convinced Professor Hall that his background was inadequate and that there was no institution in America where he could get the quality of instruction he wished to pass on to Middlebury students. England and France were still the mother countries of the sciences, so the following year to Europe he went—direct to the sources of current scientific knowledge.

In Paris he sat at the feet of the expatriated American physicist and chemist Count Rumford. He took notes on the "philosophical" instruments of the great minerologist Abbe Hauy. Le Sage and dozens of other scientists became his close friends and tutors for a period of two years. In February 1809 he returned to Middlebury laden with the latest books and instruments available. For the next fifteen years the College had one of the best qualified teachers of Natural Philosophy in the United States, commanding a salary even larger than that of President Atwater. Hall's name is attached to no Middlebury fellowship, no great discovery, no monument, for the benefit of posterity; and extensive research fails to give much more than a clue as to the reason for his departure from Middlebury. But in all likelihood local jealousy over his prowess was responsible. Both Castleton Medical College and Dartmouth saw fit to give him doctors degrees after leaving Middlebury, but from 1824 on he was mysteriously scratched from the Middlebury records.



Mr. Wissler exhibits old Physics apparatus at the Sheldon Museum

If Middlebury should ever establish a science museum it should by all means bear the name of Frederick Hall, since the nucleus for such a museum would be the scientific apparatus he brought here from Europe a century and a quarter ago. *The Journals of the General Assembly of the State of Vermont* for 1810 give the only inventory of the equipment Hall assembled: "The philosophical apparatus, which owes its existence to the bounty of individual gentlemen, consists of an Air Pump, an Electrical machine, two artificial globes, a large and small Telescope, Quadrant, a Theodolite, a Camera Lucides, two Thermometers, a Galvanic Pile, a Hydrostatic apparatus, a Prism, and Mirrors of different kinds, with a variety of small instruments."

Many of the pieces have somehow withstood the test of time and student usage and are still among the hand-me-downs of the Physics department. Originally in Old East College, they were moved to the Physics laboratory of Old Chapel in the 1830's where they saw service for over sixty years, and in 1901 were taken to Warner Science Hall where for nearly four decades they were carefully guarded by Professor Bryant.

Last spring a score of the older pieces of apparatus were photographed and Professor John Bowker, then in England, was given the assignment of trying to identify them from records and displays at the Science Museum in Kensington. But in spite of his detective work and the interest of museum officials, little definite information could be obtained. Even that greatest of all scientific repositories shows the effect of a lack of antiquarian enthusiasm a hundred

[*Continued on page 19*]

C'EST LA GUERRE

[*Continued from page 6*]

the front line and were in no man's land.

"The fields about these towns are aglow with those poppies Alan Seeger made immortal, but there are no 'kerchiefed women in those fields patiently chopping sugar beets nor any farmers plowing in preparation for next year's crops. But not many miles behind the front the work of tilling the soil goes on as usual. It was at Sarreguemines, one of the deserted towns, that we first reached German soil. It was possible to identify this precisely because for many days now the area several miles in front of Sarreguemines has been exclusively in French hands.

"Rolling down the town's main street past an occasional sentry, we came to an intersection with machine guns behind sandbags. We turned a corner in the direction the guns pointed and came upon a little bridge. Germany, or what had been the Franco-German frontier until the French began their advance, was only a few paces away on the other side of the bridge. It had a far more peaceful appearance despite the machine-gun nests than some towns farther behind the line, and especially some roads back where, along roads and through towns, over wide stretches behind the front were parked long lines of ugly looking big guns and even longer lines of light artillery supply trains, pontoon bridge units and countless troop transports—all camouflaged and all waiting for the next push forward.

"And all over the fields bordering these roads soldiers were digging in with spades and shovels, putting the finishing touches to gun pits and pill boxes whence they could dominate the countryside if the Germans took the offensive and by some miracle broke through what is now the French front. Permanent barbed-wire entanglements and lines of tank traps stretched away from both sides of the road. The troops were a little bored with the lack of action, but otherwise in high spirits, and the Parisians among them shouted gleeful greetings on seeing our Paris license plates. The troops were beginning to let their beards grow and soon will resemble the poilus the A.E.F. veterans knew, a resemblance that will be heightened by the fact many still wear uniforms wholly or partly horizon blue.

"Many middle-aged men with graying hair and portly torsos were among these troops. They are mostly specialists, veterans of the last war who will man key machinery in this one and show the youngsters how to fight both well and prudently. They symbolize the arrival of mechanized warfare and the fact that wars are no longer exclusively the affair of young men with strong backs, flat stomachs and more zest than sense.

"The men and officers alike were eager for news of the world behind the front. They had had no papers at the front for ten days, they said. They were plainly delighted to see Americans, and, of course, always asked as soon as politeness allowed when the United States was going to enter the war to help them put down Hitlerism. But they were equally anxious to know what Russia and Italy were doing, and had we seen any English troops along the front.

"They still eat well on the front. Although our hosts apologized for the food, saying "We aren't rich here," they provided a six-course luncheon that began with sardines and went on to include sliced tomatoes, a pâté, grilled veal, green salad, apple dumpling with mocha sauce, and coffee. With this there was an amplitude of beaujolais and riesling."

YEAR-ROUND SANTA CLAUS OF MILWAUKEE

[*Continued from page 9*]

in a sterilizing solution before it is again placed on display for use. Each toy or plaything is sterilized before being given to the next loaner.

There are no loan restrictions. All children are eligible to borrow. They do not have to pay for repairs. But evidences of misbehavior which warrant a penalty are offset by an order to the effect that no more loans can be had over a certain probation period.

Up to the time of the establishment of this feature, thousands of Milwaukee youths were toy starved. Now they borrow everything that suits their fancy, showing an improved attitude in home and school. In several wards the school officials are lauding the results that have been attained through the toy-lending program. Kindergarten pupils in some schools are permitted to bring their toys with them from home.

Holders of birthday parties find the toy-lending centers most opportune when in need of play articles. Recently a little girl appeared with six friends to get what they wanted for a birthday party. One selected a table and chairs. Each of the others picked a game. At the same time a 12-year-old boy came in to negotiate his 70th loan. He has never returned a broken toy. A week ago he donated a plaything which his parents had purchased for him last Christmas.

In another instance of action denoting gratitude, a father contributed a bicycle which his son had outgrown. A few days before he asked for a loan of a bicycle, knowing that he would be unable to buy a new one this year. His request was honored. The bicycle donated later by the father was as good as new.

"I never had as good a toy to play with before in my life," one youngster told a policeman after making his first loan of a scooter.

Some children have offered to pay for broken toys, bringing money with them. They are simply asked to be more careful the next time.

UNCLE JOSEPH

[*Continued from page 13*]

temperate, frugal Irishman, the twinkle never left his eyes. He rarely raised his voice, a real Irish gentleman with the trading instinct of a Scotchman. He did ninety per cent or more of the buying of lands, farms, horses, and the supplies for the hotel; he hired all the help; he ran the farm winter and summer; he knew Mr. Battell's every mood. I do not know that they ever had a quarrel. He died at over eighty years of age in Middlebury on one of the numerous farms he had acquired with the savings of an industrious life.

Mr. Battell bought his first wooded lands to protect the outlook from the porch at Bread Loaf. He could not bear to see Worth Mountain defaced. The idea expanded to cover other areas in sight to the east and north. The notion that these purchases were a good investment was a factor from the start and he bought finally wherever a good trade offered. More and more the desire for permanent protection to these forests grew on him. He had loved their beauty and it was their esthetic value which was uppermost in his mind. Conservation to protect water sheds and to harvest woodlands without waste and as a recurring crop was not in the consciousness of people in the earlier years and I think had very little place in his own mind, but the problem how to achieve the security of these fine forests in the future confronted him more and more and one after another plan was discarded. At one time the plan to give them to the College was given up, but regretfully I think, for he did not at first feel that disposition insured what he desired first of all, and that was the perpetuity of the woodland cover naturally grown and irreplacable by any method of artificial reforestation.

Mr. Battell was about five feet eleven inches high; he weighed in later life something over two hundred pounds. His hair was auburn, his eyes were blue. He had few books and he read little. He played the piano and sang barely enough to get pleasure out of simple ballads. He was never vulgar or profane in speech. He played with romance but was extremely cautious and shy beyond the first approaches. He had no physical recreation other than driving. I do not know that he ever got on a horse's back in Vermont. He did not hunt or fish. He enjoyed old friends but was really intimate with no man. He kept an inner-self wholly in reserve. He had quick reaction and moved like lightning when occasion called for it. He was tender toward distress and suffering. He routed a city police department one Sunday to rescue a stranded kitten, prisoner on the outside of a building. He gave help freely and generously to young people. He could not take part where there was suffering or illness. His religious traditions were never outgrown. He attended church often, but at heart resented being held by narrow bound or literal interpretations. He didn't care what church or creed was professed, providing there was sincerity. He was an indefatigable worker on any subject which had his attention. He was able and intelligent in defending some thesis of his own.

He was a partisan but a doughty advocate. His partisanship disappeared when dealing with individuals. Here he was fair and generous and took full note of both sides. He was a militant partisan for Vermont and Middlebury, for Vermont women and Vermont horses. He worked prodigiously for years and spent thousands of dollars to uphold the Morgan horse when he found the Hamiltonian partisans were threatening the prestige of the local breed, and perhaps it is fair to say that he saved the breed from submergence. In the perennial forests which he gathered and in Forest Hall at Middlebury College, which was a by-product and which will indefinitely influence the lives of young women, Joseph Battell has an honorable and as nearly permanent a monument as any mortal man could expect.

WHENCE PHYSICS

[*Continued from page 17*]

years ago.

To middle 20th century eyes and ears, Hall's classes in Physics would be pathetically naive. Laboratory methods had not then been introduced to the curriculum. It was dull theory in what must have been rather dully abstract lectures. Illustrations in text books undoubtedly helped to a degree, but drawings were expensive for any publisher to reproduce and they were chary of them. Moreover texts were few. He and his students could consult perhaps half a hundred books in Natural Philosophy, which often included Astronomy, Botany, Chemistry and Geology as well as Physics. Today there are over a thousand volumes on physics alone in the Starr Library. His classroom may have had as many as three or four dozen instruments, but aside from the few brought from Europe or Boston he had to build his own apparatus. He could make a set of batteries but not readily buy them. By turning a crank of an electrostatic machine he could produce an electric current, but the result was unsteady and there was no accurate way of measuring the current. He had lenses, mirrors and prisms, but he had not heard of spectrometers, optical flats or interferometers. With tuning forks, sirens and organ pipes he could produce various kinds of sound, but he had no way of reproducing that sound or taking satisfactory intensity measurements.

If Hall could be recalled to our present laboratory, two things would probably interest him most, the common outlet plug and a Physical instrument supply catalog. The simple electric plug would open an incredible new world to him. And the catalog would symbolize for him the fact that a successful physics demonstration no longer depends entirely on the resourcefulness of the instructor. Instead of spending weeks building an instrument he could merely ask an assistant to wire for his equipment. The next morning it would magically appear on his desk.

But Professor Hall's modest little collection of hand-wrought instruments are somehow incomparably more fascinating than all the machine made calorimeters and microphones and phonodikes advertised in the 1940 supply catalogs. If the scientist can permit himself to go romantic occasionally here is romance of the first order, a commentary on the history of science and an eloquent reminder that predictions regarding a future for science are worth slightly less than the pulp on which they are printed.

NEW ALUMNAE SECRETARY

Lois Bestor, '37, is the newly appointed Secretary of the Alumnae Association, replacing Muriel Jones Nelson, '37, who was married in October. Before coming to Middlebury in November, Miss Bestor was assistant registrar at Stoneleigh College, Rye, N. H.

Where Are They Now?

Information as to the present address of the following would be greatly appreciated by the Alumni Office.

Henry E. Howard, '82
William A. Bedell, x'84
George H. Wilson, x'95
John P. Halnon, '96
Frederick A. Spencer, x'00
Ledlie D. Moore, x'03
Roy M. Reed, x'04
Richard S. Read, x'05
William R. Arthur, x'08
Richard A. Currier, '10
Melbourne J. Pond, '10
Alvin W. Coolidge, '11
Ivers A. Hackett, '12
Philip E. Kidder, '12
Roger K. Lane, x'12
Irving H. Baker, x'14
Paul Gould, x'14
Herbert W. Hamilton, x'14
James A. Howard, x'15
Joseph I. Irons, x'16
Bryson de H. McCloskey, x'16
George H. Snyder, '16
Harold B. Gammell, '17
William P. Thorp, Jr.. x'17
Frank J. Mara, x'18
Harold C. Bailey, x'19
Harold D. Ellsworth, '19
John J. Lynch, x'19
Hobart McK. Morgan, x'19
Harrie L. Smith, x'19
Samuel T. Gaines, '20
John R. Harvey, x'20
Roger D. Brouwer, x'21
Fred A. McClunin, x'21
Lynden M. Cool, x'22
William A. Hawks, '22
James A. Mooney, '22
Barney F. Potratz, '22
Pierre Stephan, x'22
Percy M. Kelley, x'23
James G. Carlton, '24
Alexander Graham, x'24
Alban J. Lobdell, '24
Oliver H. Winchester, x'24
Thomas Jacob, '25
Brereton H. Mucklow, x'25
Robert L. Pollard, x'25
Michael C. Prata, '25
Judson W. Williams, '25
John S. Woodhouse, x'25
Richard S. Allen, '26
Albert C. Bashaw, x'26
George L. Bourney, x'26
Frank M. Chubb, x'26
Reginald Howard, x'26
Andre LeDoux, x'26
Daniel R. Mahar, x'26
William P. Myers, x'26
Kenneth McGowan, x'26
William J. McLaughlin, '26
William K. Schwarz, x'26
Floyd H. Sears, x'26
Franklin W. Towne, '26
Armand L. Vallee, x'26
Frank Wittenberg, x'26
Roger S. Cleveland, x'27
George H. Davis, x'27
Harry A. Drew, x'27
W. E. Fish, x'27
Cleon Lambe, x'27
Lester E. Lawrence, x'27
Henry W. Schuettauff, x'27
Paul B. Tamango, x'27
W. Gordon Blackburn, x'28
Earl W. Hindes, '28
Ferdinand M. Holmes, Jr., '28
John M. Myers, x'28
Robert W. Patterson, x'28
John C. Reilly, x'28
Nicholas Saliani, '28
Iancu A. Weiss, '28
Roland E. Weser, x'28
P. A. Xanthopoulo, '28
Harry G. Bruns, x'29
Paul A. Burns, '29
Harlan F. Davis, '29
Paul L. Dujardin, x'29
Wesley P. Griffith, x'29
Frank LeRaher, '29
Elbert W. Merriam, x'29
George A. Meyer, x'29
Claude L. Scribner, '29
John J. Sheehan, '29
Wilfred W. Barnes, x'30
Curtiss Bellinger, '30
Roland A. Casey, '30
Daniel J. Fagan, x'30
Ralph Hammersley, x'30
Harold R. Higgins, x'30
Ralph L. Johnson, '30
Harry S. Leon, x'30
Jeffris Pennington, x'30
Leslie Valois, '30
Howard L. Waggoner, x'30
James W. Welch, x'30
Bernard B. Finnan, '31
Eric T. Goullaud, x'31
John W. Boggs, Jr., '33
Seymour C. Hand, '33
Avery W. Steele, x'33
Martin T. Dwyer, '34
Roger M. Bakey, '35
John M. McClure, x'36

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

NEW HAMPSHIRE AND ALBANY DISTRICT ALUMNI DINE

The alumni and alumnae of the New Hampshire district held a luncheon at the Ellis Hotel in Keene, New Hampshire on October 19, with Arthur T. Brush, '30, of the Manchester *Union-Leader*, president of the District, presiding.

President and Mrs. Moody and Mr. and Mrs. Wiley were the guests from the College. President Moody spoke on present developments at Middlebury and Mr. Wiley illustrated his talk with colored motion pictures of college scenes and activities. Arrangements for the luncheon were in charge of Miss Isabelle U. Esten, '14, Dean of Women at Keene Teachers College. Dr. Charles J. Lyon, '18, head of the biology department at Dartmouth College, was chairman of the nominating committee on whose recommendation Mr. Brush and Miss Esten were reelected as president and secretary and Phelps N. Swett, '34, assistant manager of the Sears Roebuck store in Concord, was elected vice president for the coming year. Attendance: 41.

The Capitol District alumni and alumnae dined on the evening of October 19, at the Hale House on the Union College Campus in Schenectady. Miss Edith H. Tallmadge, '21, president of the club, presided. Local arrangements were in charge of Philip E. Brewer, '31, of Schenectady. In addition to the program presented at the Keene luncheon, Miss Rose Martin of the Middlebury faculty spoke on the subject "Languages Are Fun." Attendance: 40.

The Century Club of Middlebury held a dinner at the Lockwood Inn, Dublin, New Hampshire, on August 27th. Among those present were: Mr. Orvis Collins, '02, and Mrs. Collins; Mr. Walter Barnard, '01, and Mrs. Barnard; Mr. Earle Parker, '01, and Mrs. Parker, x'03; Mr. E. H. Coffin and Mrs. Coffin, '00; Mrs. Alexander Wadsworth, '00; Mrs. Fay Simmons, '01; Miss Josephine M. Taft, Miss Beatrice K. Taft, '00; Miss Eloise Barnard, '33; Miss Ruth Barnard, '31; and Mr. John Parker.

Monica Stevens, '38, corresponding secretary for the New York City Alumnae Association, will welcome the names of Middlebury graduates in New York City or vicinity who may not be receiving notices of the alumnae meetings during the year, and would like to do so. Her address is: 37–30 74th Street, Jackson Heights, L. I., N. Y.

1880

CHARLES A. SWEET. Address: Care of Col. G.W. C. Whiting, 923 Belmont Road, Grand Forks, North Dakota.

1885

GEORGE P. MACGOWAN. Address: P. O. Box 508, Carmel, N. Y.

1886

PROFESSOR CHARLES BILLINGS died September 15, 1939, of pneumonia at Burlington, Vt.

DR. and MRS. HENRY L. BAILEY celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary August 8, 1939.

1897

MRS. DELBERT P. SNYDER (Mary A. Towle) has recently returned to her winter home at 404 Bryan St., Kissimmee, Fla.

MRS. MABELLE H. ENMAN. Address; 22 Harding St., Pittsfield, Mass.

1898

CHARLES H. JORDAN died August 7, 1939, at Worcester, Mass.

1899

MRS. BENJAMIN MILLINGTON (Loraine Susie Hapgood) died August 12, 1939.

1900

DR. F. ELISABETH NICHOLS and her friend, MISS MARIANNE LANDON, '01, spent the summer together at Boulder, Colorado. Dr. Nichols is returning for her fourteenth year at MacMurray College for Women, Jacksonville, Illinois, where she is professor of English Literature.

1903

CHARLOTTE MAY HULL died on October 13, 1939.

1904

HUGH G. LYNDE died August 9, 1939 at Batavia, N. Y.

1905

MRS. FLORENCE G. GATES has resigned her position as Matron of Andrews Cottage, Weeks School, Vergennes, Vt., and for the present her address will be with her daughter, MRS. THELMA GATES TRAVERS, '29, State Teachers College, Trenton, N. J.

1906

PAULINE ALLIS SMITH died October 31, 1939.

1907

MRS. MOFFETT RHODES (Mary Louisa Pratt). Address: 212-2nd St., Woodland, Calif.

1909

REV. AND MRS. HERBERT M. HALL (Clara M. Buffum). Address: Castleton, Vt.

1910

ADA F. WELLS. Address: Essex County Hospital, Cedar Grove, N. J.

MRS. ROY H. ALLEN (Grace M. Hoxie). Address: 358 Kenwood Ave., Delmar, N. Y.

1912

MRS. DOROTHY T. HAGERMAN (Dorothy Tupper). Address: 1405 Elliott St., S. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.

1913

SARA BROWN was married to Marcus Lund on September 12, 1939.

WILLIAM E. GREENLEAF is a graduate student at New York University. Home address: Apt. 3D, 1975 Sedgwick Avenue, New York City.

BERNARD A. LEONARD has been appointed superintendent of schools in North Tonowanda, N. Y. Address: 428 Wheatfield St., North Tonowanda, N. Y.

HAMMOND LADD is station manager for the United Parcel Service, 114 So. Kensico Ave., White Plains, N. Y. Home address: 44 Crane Ave., White Plains, N. Y.

MARVIN J. DODD. Home address: Old Chester Road, Essex Fells, N. J.

1915

IRENE INGALLS. Address: 20 Sherman Ave., New York, N.Y.

CASEY JONES, president of the Casey Jones School of Aeronautics, announces that the school has moved from its former quarters on Broad St., Newark, N. J. to the Newark Center Market Building, 1100 Raymond Boulevard.

BERT F. ANDREWS is a store adjustor with G. Fox & Co. Home address: 762 Farmington Ave., W. Hartford, Conn.

ROBERT P. MARSH is on sabbatical leave and is doing research work. Home address: 49 Delevan St., New Brunswick, N. J.

1916

MRS. WILLIAM J. MOON (Roberta Arnold) died on April 23, 1939.

1919

RUTH E. CANN. Address: 142 Morris St., Albany, N. Y.

MRS. GUY L. RICHARDSON (Hazel Coburn). Address: 21 Woodland Way, Haverhill, Mass.

1920

WILLIAM E. MCMASTER. Address: 161 High St., Passaic, N. J.

DONALD E. MEAD is an insurance adjuster. Home address: Box 116, Wallingford, Vt.

1921

MRS. F. P. TOMPKINS (Ruth Johnson). Address: 5224-42nd St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

LESTER D. BENN is a manager for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Home address: 153 E. Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

LINWOOD B. LAW. Home address: 529 Norwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

1922

JOHN C. SAUR. Home address: Kew Hall, 8309 Talbot Place, Kew Gardens, Long Island, N. Y.

PHILIP S. JUDD has a position with the Labor Department of the State of Connecticut. Home address: Parsonage St., Rocky Hill, Conn.

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

1923

ETHELINDA TUCKER CRUIKSHANK was married August 12, 1939 to Mr. Harry S. Merson. Address: 2 Poplar St., Ipswich, Mass.

CHARLES L. LEONARD. Address: 1145 Calvin Ave., S.E., Grand Rapids, Mich.

CHARLES N. CREWDSON is owner of the Crewdson Printing Company, 360 E. Grand Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

M. PRISCILLA CHASE is now Director of Religious Education for the Congregational Christian Churches in Ohio. Address: 1006 Hippodrome Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

MRS. L. H. ROBINSON (Esther Frost) is director in District One of the Maine Federation of Women's Clubs.

BEULAH M. SCOTT. Address: West Marquand Hall, East Northfield, Mass.

1924

R. LYSLE HOUGHTON. Home address: R. F. D. No. 2, Allendale, N. J.

G. STOWELL CARROLL has announced the establishment of a "Complete Printing Service" at 1908 Fifth Avenue, Troy, N. Y.

MRS. GUSTAVUS H. KLINCK, JR. (Florence Noble). Address: 90-23d St., Troy, N. Y.

MRS. ALFRED T. VEIT (Jessie Jean Bennett). Address: P. O. Box 213, Gamboa, Canal Zone.

1925

A daughter, Joyce Vail, was born August 31 to MR. AND MRS. C. ALLSTON HAMLIN of 34 Lawton Ave., Grantwood, N. J.

1926

GEORGE L. FINCH, JR. is a branch manager for the Markel Service, Inc. Home address: 443 Walnut Rd., Ben Avon, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WILLIAM H. PURDY, has been appointed assistant sales manager for the Metropolitan Division of the Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. He will continue to manage chain store sales in addition to his new duties.

HAROLD E. CABLE. Home address: High Ridge Road, Stamford, Conn.

E. MURRAY HOYT. Address: So. Main St., Middlebury, Vt.

JAMES E. TUCKER married Miss Anna M. Siano on September 4, 1939.

STEWART W. ROWE has been promoted to the rank of assistant professor in the New York University School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance.

WILLIAM T. HADE. Address: 420 West 119th St., New York City.

MRS. HARALD TOPKEN (Helen Lindquist) returned from Germany the last of August. Address: 220 Carol Ave., Pelham, N. Y.

1927

GORDON E. WILEY. Address: Carthage, N. Y.

MRS. GUNHILD ELFSTROM CARLSON has joined the staff of Salter Secretarial School as teacher of commercial subjects.

MRS. JOHN S. PACKARD (Ruth M. Tupper). Address: Hollywood Hills Hotel, Old Forge, N. Y.

MRS. RAYMOND SLATTERY (Elinor A. Smith). Address: Box 133, Hampden, Mass.

1928

ARTHUR S. YEAW married Miss Grace Marguerite Everest on August 9, 1939.

CHARLES MALAM is one of the six winners of the awards offered by the Academy of American poets in their contest for the official poem of the New York World's Fair. His third book of poems "Waggon Weather" was published this fall by the Kaleidograph Press, Dallas, Texas.

DOROTHY ABEL. Address: 9 Sewell Ave., Brookline, Mass.

1929

W. EARL DAVIS. Address: R. F. D. No. 2, Box 301, Stratford, Conn.

DR. PAUL R. VAN ESS. Address: 2100 Virginia St., Berkeley, Calif.

WILLIAM B. GAZDAGH. Address: 1107 Walnut Blvd., Ashtabula, Ohio.

EMELINE AMIDON is teaching English, business correspondence, literature, and a background building course at the Salter Secretarial School.

RUTH B. KENNEY married Ernest B. Benson on August 5, 1939. Address: Culver Military Academy, Culver, Ind.

E. RUTH BLY. Address: Springfield High School, Springfield, Vt.

MRS. FRANCIS E. DAY (Barbara Langworthy). Address: 30 Bailey Ave., Plattsburg, N. Y.

MRS. W. N. DOUBLEDAY (Sigrid Manty). Address: 502 Crescent St., Athol, Mass.

MRS. EDSON F. EASTMAN (Bernice Munn). Address: Roswald Farm, Hillsboro, N. H.

MRS. C. W. STOLLE (Catherine Hodges). Address: Lake Road, Demarest, N. J.

IRMA J. WILLEY is now teaching in Stevens High School in Claremont, N. H. Address: 18 Pearl St.

MR. and MRS. ERWIN WEDEMANN (Doris Collins) announce the birth of a daughter, Elizabeth Ann, on October 20, 1939.

1930

B. GLENN MACNARY. Address: 40 Inness Place, Manhassett, Long Island, N. Y.

RONALD M. STRAUS. Address: 313 Catherine St., Syracuse, N.Y.

THOMAS T. HENEY is now associated with the firm of Blake and Voorhees at 20 Exchange Place, New York City. Home address: 530 East 88th St., New York City.

A son, James Walter, was born May 1, 1939, to MR. AND MRS. ALBERT F. BODE (Ruth Potter).

MRS. ROBERT C. MANSFIELD (Mary J. Bowdish). Address: 24 Fairmount St., Portland, Maine.

MRS. GEORGE W. METGER (Helen Kendall). Address: 937 N. St. Clair St., E. E., Pittsburgh, Penna.

MRS. CATHERINE PEELE (Catherine Groves). Address: Box 345, Chapel Hill, N. C.

1931

The engagement of WYMAN C. TUPPER to Miss Edith Merriam Wyman has been announced.

J. CALVIN AFFLECK married Miss Dorothy Conner on July 15, 1939. They are to reside in West New York, N. J.

DONALD G. BROWN died August 8, 1939, at Huguenot, N. Y.

HIRAM M. CROMMETT. Address: Patten, Me.

LEIGHTON T. DUFFANY is a divisional superintendent with the W. T. Grant Company. Business address: 45 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass. Home address: 139 Sherman St., Wollaston, Mass.

E. PARKER CALVERT. Address: 827 Forest Ave., Evanston, Ill.

CHARLES R. NICHOLLS is an organist for St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Rochester, N. Y.

CATHERINE A. HOSLEY was married on August 5, 1939, to Mr. Howard Blake Ambrose. Address: Manchester Center, Vt.

MRS. JAMES H. CADY (Audria Gardner). Address: 13 O'Neil St., Bergenfield, N. J.

MRS. J. PHILIP CHASE (Marian Tolles). Address: Locust Lane, Henniker, N. H.

MRS. HOWARD DOUGLAS (Barbara Joy). Address: 11 Sheldon Place, Rutland, Vt.

MRS. LYLE E. GLAZIER (Amy L. Niles) is the normal training teacher at Bliss Business College, Lewiston, Me.

HELEN ROGERS HOADLEY was married on October 21, 1939, to Mr. Throop Crane Brown.

MRS. WILLIAM E. NELSON (Harriett Dorman). Address: 99 Beacon St., Hyde Park, Mass.

MARY STOLTE is teaching in Brattleboro High School. Address: 3 Shadow Lawn, Brattleboro, Vt.

MARION LOUISE SIMMONS was married on July 22, 1939, to Mr. Lancelot Edward Wenham. Address: 23 Cole Ave., Pittsfield, Mass.

1932

CHARLES P. BAILEY is vice-president and treasurer of Spray Drying Service, Inc. at Garwood, N. J.

MRS. ELEANOR B. CLEMENS (Eleanor Benjamin). Address: 6114 Maywood Ave., Mt. Washington, Baltimore, Md.

EVELYN M. CLEMENT. Address: 23 Lee Ave., Apartment E, Clayton, Missouri.

RUTH MOODY was married to Jason W. Perkins, Dartmouth, on August 19, 1939. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins will be instructors at

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

Vermont Junior College, and will be at home in Montpelier, Vt., after September 9.

MRS. EDGAR VAN SANTVOORD (Marian Singiser), is teaching English at the Brimmer and May School, Boston. Address: 159 Winsor Ave., Watertown, Mass.

JOSEPHINE WALKER is a private secretary with the Glenwood Range Company of Taunton, Mass. Address: Walker's Corner, North Dighton, Mass.

MR. AND MRS. FREDERICK C. MAIER (Lucile Dickson) announce the birth of a daughter, Judith Dexter, on September 1, 1939.

ROBERT K. HALL. Address: 11 Overman Place, New Rochelle, N. Y.

KIRKLAND SLOPER is employed as a field supervisor of the CCC-NYA research study of the American Youth Commission. Address: 4217 North High St., Columbus, Ohio.

LESTER EATON married Miss Helen Petrie on September 2, 1939. They are at home at 12 Winter St., Montpelier, Vt.

GEORGE H. CHASE married Miss Helen G. Ball on October 5, 1939. They will live in Brookline, Mass.

CLARENCE A. LILLY. Address: 622 Grand Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

DR. LYNN R. CALLIN married Miss Rachel Gibson, September 24, 1939.

ROBERT N. PERRY married Miss Helen R. Howorth in August, 1939. Address: 100 Queensberry Street, Boston, Mass.

1933

ALLYN B. WHITE married Miss Janet Bridgeman Davis on July 29, 1939. Their address: 1099 Genesee St., Suite 4, Rochester, N. Y.

RACHEL S. BOOTH is teaching French and English in the High School at East Hampton, N. Y.

DORIS BOWEN. Address: 97 Longfellow Road, Worcester, Mass.

MR. AND MRS. PHILIP CARPENTER (Helen Easton) announce the birth of a son, Robert Warren, on September 2, 1939.

RACHEL HEALD. Address: 126 South Grove St., East Orange, N. J.

LOIS LEWTHWAITE married Theodore F. Walter on August 5, 1939. Address: 7218 Cooper Ave., Glendale, N. Y.

MRS. THOMAS A. WARTHIN (Virginia Whittier). Address: 112 Revere St., Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM VOLKMAR. Address: 6917 Merwin Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

DR. AARON W. NEWTON. Address: Robert Breck Brigham Hospital, Roxbury, Mass.

ANSON RANSOM is assistant manager of the F. W. Woolworth & Co. store at 1181 Liberty Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HERBERT C. JOHN. Address: 315 South Allen St., Albany, N. Y.

REV. GEORGE BOOTH OWEN is pastor of the United Church in Bellows Falls, Vt. Home address: 20 South St., Bellows Falls, Vt.

FREDERICK B. BRYANT announces that he has opened an office for the general practice of law at 45 East Main St., Malone, N. Y.

CLARK H. CORLISS is executive secretary of the Family Welfare Society at Savannah, Ga. Home address: 727 44th St., Savannah, Ga.

LYLE E. GLAZIER married AMY L. NILES on July 15, 1939. Address: 150 Wood St., Lewiston, Me.

ANTHONY G. L. BRACKETT is head of the English Department at Cape Elizabeth High School, Cape Elizabeth, Me. Address: R. F. D. No. 1, So. Windham, Me.

1934

A son, Smith Thompson, was born to MR. and MRS. CHARLES A. HICKCOX (Miriam E. Smith, '35) November 6, 1939. Their address: 28 Marshall St., Watertown, Mass.

FRANK LOCKE married Miss Janet E. Hlavacek in October, 1939.

ALICE PARSONS married HARRY B. HARRIS, JR., ex-'37, on September 7, 1939. Mr. Harris is associated with the Columbia Steel and Shafting Company in Hartford, Conn. Address: 214 S. Marshall St., Hartford, Conn.

MRS. WILLIAM F. MADDEN (Dorothy Gifford). Address: 614 S. Crouse Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

RUTH SELLECK. Address: 369 Kinderhamack Road, Westwood, N. J.

CLARA W. WHITE married Fielding Taylor, Jr., on October 21, 1939. Address: 7105-37th Ave., Apt. 6E, Jackson Heights, L. I., N. Y.

ELIZABETH SECKERSON married Walter C. McKain, Jr., on September 30, 1939.

PRISCILLA S. BOWERMAN is secretary to the Registrar of Rutgers University. Address: 54 Hassart St., Apt. 3C, New Brunswick, N. J.

The engagement of PHELPS N. SWETT, JR. to Miss Lydia Berry has been announced

DR. ANDREW W. REID has opened a dental office in the Whipple Block, Lebanon, N. H.

NELSON BEEBE is a science teacher at Port Henry, N. Y.

JAMES B. FISH, JR. is a certified public accountant with Lybrand, Ross Brothers & Montgomery, 90 Broad St., New York City. Home address: 27 Monroe Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

JULIUS T. SCOZZAFAVA. Address: 1626 Fifth Ave., Troy, N. Y.

DR. FREDERICK F. DEBOLD married ALTHA J. HALL, '33, on August 26, 1939. Dr. Debold is a resident physician at the Ingham Sanatorium, Lansing, Mich.

1935

LELAND O. HUNT received his ordination October 23, 1939 and is pastor of the South Congregational Church of Amherst.

ELIZABETH B. BAILEY. Address: Personnel Dept., Conn. General Life Ins. Co., Hartford, Conn.

GRACE E. BATES. Address: George School, George School, P. O., Pennsylvania.

ALICE E. COOKE. Address: 270 Union Ave., Rutherford, N. J.

DOROTHEA DE CHIARA is teaching French and Latin in the Hampton Bays High School, Hampton Bays, L. I., N. Y.

ELEANOR M. DUKE is teaching French in Brattleboro High School. Address: 14 Chapin Street, Brattleboro, Vt.

NATALIE H. DUNSMOOR is a governess in New York City. She is working for her Master's degree at Teachers College, Columbia University, and is doing practice teaching in the lower grades of the Dalton School. Address: 17 East 73d Street, New York, N. Y.

VIRGINIA EASLER has returned from France and is Secretary to the French Department of Middlebury College.

DR. MARY ELIZABETH HINCKS is an interne at St. Vincent's Hospital, Toledo, Ohio.

MRS. JOHN B. ROACHE (Margaret Whittier). Address: 47 Wisteria Ave., Mineola, N. Y.

FRANCIS CADY is a geo-physicist with the Carter Oil Company at Aberdeen, Miss.

E. LESLIE ROBART married Olive Sands Burchard, x'34, August 26, 1939. Mr. and Mrs. Robart are living at 5 Holden St., Brookline, Mass.

RICHARD B. SWEET. Address: East Main St., Wappingers Falls, N. Y.

MARK S. RICHMOND is a social worker in Worcester, Mass. Home address: 20 Robertson Road, Worcester, Mass.

ELLIS K. HAINES. Address: 6614 Kenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

GERALD O. BARRETT is a partner with Barrett and Baker, Office Equipment Wholesaler, Greenfield, Mass. Home address: 101 Maple St., Greenfield, Mass.

ARNOLD LAFORCE married Miss Isabel M. Drummond, August 26, 1939.

JAMES W. CHALMERS. Address: 466 Ontario St., Albany, N. Y.

MR. AND MRS. HYATT H. WAGGONER (Louise Feather). Address: 4453 Woolworth Ave., Omaha, Neb. Mr. Waggoner is an instructor in the University of Omaha teaching composition and American literature.

1936

FOSTER C. GREENE and Miss Marjorie Brier were married in September, 1939.

DOUGLAS T. HALL has a position with the United States Tobacco Company. Address: 69 Church St., Rutland, Vt.

MRS. DANIEL C. COTTON (Jean E. Barton). Address: 239 School St., Whitman, Mass.

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

Announcement has been made of the engagement of ELIZABETH LAWTON to Mr. Julian Wilheim of Cambridge, Mass.

VIRGINIA RICH married CHARLES HENRY WOODMAN, JR., '35, on October 13, 1939.

RUTH E. SCHAEFFER. Address: 60 Clifton Ave., Waterbury, Conn.

BARBARA LYONS married John Steele on September 30, 1939. Address: 119 Washington Place, New York, N. Y.

ELIZABETH TRASK. Address: 308 East 79 St., New York, N.Y.

WILLIAM H. CARTER, JR. Address: Perkins Hall, Cambridge, Mass.

ANTHONY GOLEMBESKE is a teacher and coach at the Detroit Country Day School, Detroit, Mich.

MARTIN J. TIERNEY has returned to the United States after his studies at the University of Stuttgart in Germany. He left Germany two months before completing his course for a doctor's degree in chemistry.

HAMILTON SHEA married Miss Dorothy R. Hill, October 21, 1939. Home address: 663 Locust St., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

BERNARD J. O'NEILL married Miss Esther Souders on September 12, 1939. They will be at home at 3017 East 78th St., Chicago, Ill.

HARRIS SHIPMAN WELLS married Miss Marianne Elizabeth Monroe, August 19, 1939.

RICHARD C. HUBBARD married ELEANOR RUTH COLESWORTHY, '39, September 15, 1939.

HENRY MACLEAN has returned home after three years' teaching at the American College in Athens, Greece.

ALBERT RICHARD CHASE is proprietor of Chase's Office Equipment and Stationery Store at 15 Daniels Street, Portsmouth, N. H.

DR. STANLEY A. GAGE, JR. Address: 1360 Midland Ave., Bronxville, N. Y.

RICHARD DEMPEWOLFF. Address: 83–44 Lefferts Boulevard, Kew Gardens, Long Island, N. Y.

L. JUDSON MORHOUSE has been admitted to the practice of law in New York State.

DON GATES. Address: 319 East 24th Street, New York City.

MR. and MRS. H. SUMNER HUNT (Katherine Kelley) announce the birth of a daughter, Judith Ann on September 9, 1939.

1937

CHARLOTTE R. COLBURN is teaching in Black River Academy, Ludlow, Vt.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of MARGHERITA MARIE COSENZA to Mr. Joseph James Delfausse.

JEAN E. DOUGLAS. Address: 141 Main St., Montpelier, Vt.

ISABELLE HANDY is teaching Latin and French in the High School at Kinderhook, N. Y.

DORIS HEALD is teaching Latin, French, English and some Music in the High School in Sudbury, Mass.

JOY RAHR married Jack E. Berno on July 15, 1939.

MRS. E. E. RAMSAUR, JR. (Helen Barnum). Address: 2308 B Dwight Way, Berkeley, Calif.

KATHERINE STACKEL is minister of Music and Religious Education at the First Methodist Church in Fulton, N. Y. Address: 166 South Third Street, Fulton, N. Y.

MURIEL KATHRYN JONES was married on October 14, 1939, to Mr. Robert Stanton Nelson.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of MILDRED TRASK to George Roesch, Jr.

RUTH E. SCHNEIDER married Mr. Walter Upson on October 2, 1939.

JEAN WILCOX is working as Junior Case Worker in the Old Age Assistance Department of the State of Vermont. At present she is in St. Johnsbury, Vt.

The engagement of HARRIET BUCK to Carl E. Anderson has been announced.

CATHERINE REYNOLDS married Mr. Edward Cleary Stone on September 9, 1939.

The engagement of ARTHUR E. WILSON to DOROTHY E. DUNBAR, x-'38, has been announced.

CHARLES G. TALBOTT, JR., married Miss Carolyn H. Campazzie on October 21, 1939.

LORING D. CHASE married HELENE G. COSENZA, '38, on August 12, 1939. Mr. Chase is pastor of the Congregational Church in Ledyard, Conn. Address: R. F. D. No. 6, Norwich, Conn.

JOHN F. DARROW is a junior economic analyst with the United States Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. Home address: 4809 Leland Street, Chevy Chase, Md.

WENDELL H. POWERS is studying and teaching at Columbia University. Address: 812 John Jay Hall, Columbia University, New York City.

RAYMOND L. WHITNEY. Address: 95 Christopher St., New York City.

1938

JOHN CHALMERS has a position in the Department of Economics of Cornell University. His engagement to Carol Bloom, '37 has been announced.

JOHN E. CRIDLAND is employed by the Upstate Telephone Corporation of New York. Home address: 114 3rd Ave., Johnstown N. Y.

JANE F. ABBOTT is teaching French in the High School at Enfield, N. H.

ANNA K. ALLEN married Mr. John S. Leslie on September 2, 1939.

EMILY BARCLAY has accepted the position of assistant to Mrs. Dorothy Cooper, executive secretary of the Moorestown Welfare Association.

ALICE BASSETT is taking a year's intensive training in museum methods at the Buffalo Museum of Science. Address: 703 West Ferry Street, Buffalo.

ARNE L. BULKELEY is a student at the Yale School of Nursing. Address: 62 Park Street, New Haven, Conn.

BARBARA CONVERSE married Mr. Gordon E. Trask on September 9, 1939.

JEAN B. DUSENBURY is now in the Graduate School of New York State College for Teachers at Albany, and is working for her M.A. in English. Address: 102 South Lake St., Albany.

RUTH FLICKER is teaching English in the Oriskany Central School. Address: 1109 Utica St., Oriskany, N. Y.

MARGARET GARDNER is Secretary to Dr. C. Ward Crampton. Address: 542 West 112 St., Apt. 8E, New York City.

MARGARET LAWRENCE is an instructor in music at the Washington Irving School in Rochester, N. Y.

JEANETTE LEAVENS. Address: 141 East William St., Bath, N.Y.

PHYLLIS S. MALCOLM. Address: 40 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass.

JENNIE-BELLE PERRY is teaching English, dramatics, and public speaking in the high school in Norwich, N. Y.

A son, Ralph Earl, was born August 3, 1939, to MR. AND MRS. PAUL STONE (Helen Thomas) of Kew Gardens, L. I.

On September, 2, 1939, Miss JEAN C. CLARKE married Mr. E. M. Gage. Address: 810 Union St., Jackson, Mich.

MADELINE S. BUTTLES is teaching in the High School of Brandon, Vt.

CHARLES J. HARVI. Address: 4 West Cedar St., Boston, Mass.

The engagement of THOMAS F. BAKER, JR. to Miss Avia E. Birnie has been announced.

EVERETT S. ALLEN married Miss Phyllis Johnson, August 11, 1939. Address: 91 Armour St., New Bedford, Mass.

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

JOHN H. ROWELL is a deputy examiner with the Pennsylvania State Insurance Commission. Address: 4402 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa.

NELSON C. KEABLES has been appointed county representative of the State Mutual Life Assurance Company of Worcester, Mass.

DONALD H. WESTIN is teaching at the Millbrook School, Millbrook, N. Y.

1939

RODERICK MCDONALD is a claims adjuster with the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company at 175 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass.

CHESTER GORDON LIVINGSTON is a student in the Aeronautical Engineering Dept. of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

ROBERT E. RATHBONE has been appointed teacher of English and history at Gould Academy, Bethel, Me. He will also act as assistant coach in athletics.

RALPH PETRIZZI has been appointed head of the departments of French and Spanish at the Los Alamos Ranch School, Otowi, New Mexico.

ROGER THOMPSON has been appointed to the faculty of the Oakwood School at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

The engagement of MELVIN W. MCKENNEY to MARION HEWES, '38, has been announced.

JAMES A. SINGISER. Address: 716 North Broadway, Baltimore, Md.

ELBERT F. MCFADDEN. Address: Nu Sigma Nu House, 547 Myrtle Ave., Albany, N. Y.

STANLEY SPRAGUE is a graduate student at the University of Chicago. Address: Judson Court 810, 1005 E. 60th St., Chicago, Ill.

GORDEN E. AVERY. Address: Lake Placid Club, N. Y.

FRANK E. AVERY is a chemist with E. I. DuPont De Nemours, Carney's Point, N. J.

GORDON A. BARROWS is a student at Muskingum College, New Concord, Ohio.

LENARD P. BLANCHETTE is an adjuster with a finance company at 1221 Hart St., Utica, N. Y.

MELVIN H. CARTER is teaching at the Newport, Vt., High School.

PHILIP C. CARY is teaching at the Arthur Murray Studios, 7 E. 43rd St., New York City.

PHILIP G. CULLINS is associated with the E. B. and A. C. Whiting Company in Burlington, Vt.

LESTER T. DAVIS is bookkeeper for the Fall River Consumer Cooperative Store. Home address: 7505 Robeson St., Fall River, Mass.

RICHARD B. FRANKLIN is a bank clerk at the Boston Five Cents Savings Bank.

JOHN B. GRAY is employed as a metallurgical analytical chemist of the Union Carbide Company in Niagara Falls, N. Y.

WILLIAM J. HECK is a student at Columbia Law School.

WILLIAM P. HERRMANN is a clerk with the treasurer's department of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.

KENNETH M. KINSEY is employed by the American Brass Company at Buffalo, N. Y.

THOMAS N. MURRAY is a physical education instructor at the Devereux School, Berwyn, Pa.

FRANCIS D. PARKER is a student in the Boston University Graduate School.

WARREN ROHRER, JR. is teaching at Rome Free Academy, Rome, N. Y.

RAYMOND J. SKINNER is employed by the I. B. Kleinert Rubber Co., New York City.

DONALD P. STONE is a credits and collections manager for the Chase Lumber Company, Haverhill, Mass.

STANLEY W. THOMPSON is a student at the Pennsylvania State College of Optometry, Philadelphia, Pa.

PAUL D. VANCELETTE is assistant manager of the Darling Inn, Lyndonville, Vt.

CHARLES O. WAGENHALS is a medical student at Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa.

HERMAN E. WESTON is manager of a dairy farm in Saxtons River, Vt.

FREDERIC A. WHEELER is employed in the Bowery Savings Bank, 5th Ave., & 34th St., New York City.

HELEN BREWER is studying at Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School in Boston. Address: 31 Lime St., Boston, Mass.

DOROTHY BRIGGS is Librarian for the North Adams, Mass., State Teachers College.

ELSIE BROWN is teaching in the Cambridge High School, Jeffersonville, Vt.

DOROTHY BURNAP is attending Stone's Business College in New Haven, Conn., and is pursuing a medical secretarial course.

HELEN COLE is working in the George Junior Republic School in Freeville, N. Y.

JANE DALE is an apprentice teacher in Mathematics, English, and History in the Bancroft School for Girls, Worcester, Mass.

MARGARET DOUBLEDAY is a substitute teacher in the schools in Athol, Mass. Address: 106 Allen St.

AGNES M. FINNIE is an apprentice teacher at Friends' Select School in Philadelphia. Address: 813 West Marshall St., Norristown, Pa.

CAROL FLASCHER is teaching third, fourth, and fifth grades in the Misses Scully School, Concord, N. H. Address: 86½ Pleasant St.

OLIVE M. HOLBROOK is studying at Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School in Boston. Address: 41 Franklin St., Lynn, Mass.

ELEANOR L. JESCHKE is secretary to the Suffolk County Republican Committee, Great River, L. I. Address: 84 Candee Ave., Sayville, L. I., N. Y.

MARY MACFARLANE is teaching Latin and English in the high school at South Royalton, Vt.

ANNE MEARS has entered the Nurses' Training School of the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, Mass.

HELEN PERKINS is teaching Home Economics in the Cabot High and Junior High School, Cabot, Vt.

MARGARET RAY is at Teachers College, Columbia University. Address: Box 250, 1230 Amsterdam Ave., New York, N. Y.

DOROTHY WATSON is teaching in Windsor, Vt.

ELINOR R. WIELAND is attending secretarial school. Address: 212 Walnut St., Ridgewood, N. J.

ANNETTE BELLINGER is secretary in Yankee Network Radio Station in Boston. Address: 200 Bay State Road, Boston, Mass.

DOROTHY H. HARRIS is Private Secretary in the United Advertising Corporation, Newark, N. J. Address: 464 Parker St., Newark.

MRS. P. W. FOSTER (Audrey Dimm). Address: 1006½ Chautauqua Ave., Norman, Okla.

SUZANNE STALKER was married on August 18, 1939, to Mr. Allison W. Slocum of Boston.

MRS. H. F. TRUDEAU (Katrina Hincks). Address: 2117 Wells St., Enumclaw, Wash.

1940 COMMENCEMENT DATES
JUNE 15-17

1940 WINTER CARNIVAL
FEBRUARY 16-18